Saturday Night

May 2, 1953 • 10 Cents

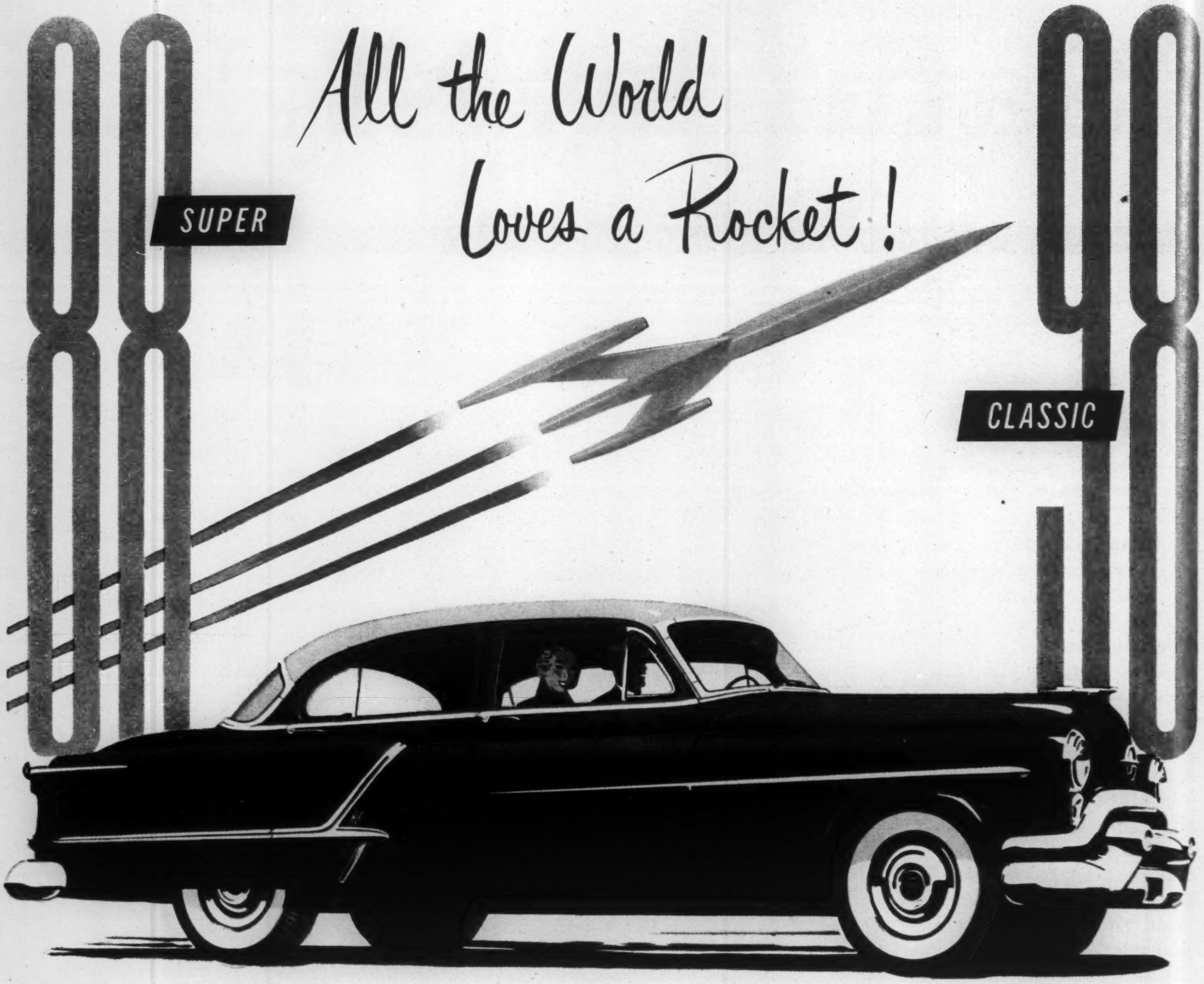
The Front Page

Whatever else it may have revealed, the case of the five rubber companies, fined a short time ago for price-fixing and operating a combine in restraint of trade, proved once again that good intention is not enough in the making of a law. The purpose of the Combines Act, under which the rubber companies were charged, is to protect the public against chiselers, which is good; but in practice, it does not necessarily concern itself with the public at all, which is bad.

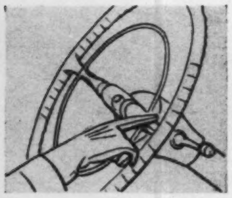
The sections of the Combines Act dealing with prices are designed only to prevent business firms from reaching agreements among themselves to fix certain prices; they do not allow the courts to consider whether or not the agreements are in the public interest. And this is an important consideration, because the prices may be fixed at a level which means survival for only the most efficient producers.

Indeed, in a state of absolute competition, prices within any particular industry would have to be the same, because they would always be pegged to the costs of the most efficient producer. The more costs are standardized, the narrower becomes the

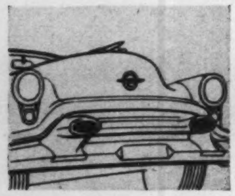
CHARLES LAUGHTON: A tall stool and an armful of books (Page 4)


88
SUPER
All the World Loves a Rocket!
98
CLASSIC

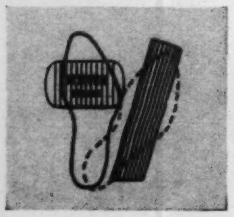
Illustrated above: Oldsmobile Super "88" 4-Door Sedan.



1 **Power Steering**

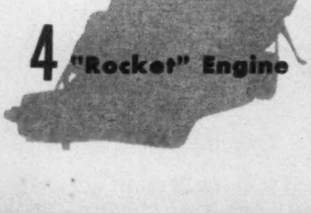


2 **Power Styling**



3 **Power Brakes**

Take command of the power sensation of the year — Oldsmobile's brilliant new Super "88" or Classic "98". Take a look at the bold new front end, the sweeping fender lines, the long, level rear-deck . . . *that's Power Styling!* Now take the wheel and feel the smooth, swift response of the higher-compression, higher-powered engine with 12 volt ignition system . . . *that's the new "Rocket"!* Take a curve or a corner — park and manoeuvre with incredible ease . . . *that's GM Power Steering*!* And it takes just a touch of your toe to bring you to a smoother, quicker, safer stop . . . *with Pedal-Ease Power Brakes*!* Plus Frigidaire Car Conditioning*, Autronic-Eye*! Drive the power-great Super "88" or the glamorous "98" soon, at your Oldsmobile Dealer's. *Optional at extra cost.



4 **"Rocket" Engine**

OLDSMOBILE

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

price range in any competitive business. We have been moving in that direction for some time; more and more, raw materials cost the same, taxes are the same, wages the same, and inevitably, where the manufacturer must make an effort to sell his product, prices will be the same.

The evil in a combine, then, is not that certain organizations have made some agreements about prices, but that they have used that agreement to plunder the public by maintaining prices at greedy levels and by restricting or eliminating the competition which would make such greed impossible.

The Combines Act must be amended to relate its practical application to the matter of public interest. Good intent in a law is not enough; the law must translate that purpose into good procedure which ensures not only that society is protected but that the accused gets a fair shake.

The Front Page

Untrustworthy Husbands

IT HAS been an accepted belief in many quarters for some time that husbands are, on the whole, a sorry lot whose main function is to labor mightily for the money to go into bigger and better household budgets. We had not expected to find such a belief supported by any government, but we learn (by way of the Calgary *Herald*) that in Alberta a husband is not considered, officially, to be as trustworthy a character as a doctor, a dentist or even a mother-in-law. In Alberta, a husband cannot pour a before-dinner drink for his bride, if she is under 21 years of age; he must get a doctor or dentist or one of her parents to pour it. Possibly the lawmakers believed that husbands needed to be restrained from leading their wives astray by plying them with drink.

Bing of the Met

THE METROPOLITAN Opera Company will be playing in Montreal and Toronto later this month, but general manager Rudolph Bing will not be at the performances. Instead, he will be in Europe, scouting for new singers.

We met Mr. Bing when he visited Toronto a few days ago to check on advance arrangements for his company. "I shall be off to Europe in a few days," he told us. "There will be a little less rush there, but this is a busy job, a very busy job. It has come to be accepted that I am always at work, which is why I am cornered even when I take time off to go to a Broadway show. I have been to one show in the last year. Which one? Well, I cannot remember the title just at the moment. It was a musical, though. Sometimes I think of the comparatively peaceful days in Edinburgh, but then I remember that I am managing the world's best known and finest opera company, and I am content."

The spare, balding six-footer managed the first two Edinburgh festivals, after directing the annual opera festival at Glyndebourne. He lived in England after leaving his native Vienna, and left England to become general manager of the Met in 1950, when Dr. Edward Johnson retired. He instituted a program designed to increase public interest in the opera company; new sets were designed, new direction provided and English scores obtained for some operas. But he observed, "We are still a little short of money — a nice, tidy sum, just about a million in fact."

He mentioned working at Edinburgh with Dr. Tyrone Guthrie, who will be producing the plays at the Shakespearian Festival at Stratford, Ont., this summer. "We're old friends," he said. "I'll always remember the good times we had together at Edinburgh, and I hope to see him again during my European trip. I think it's grand that he will be doing some work in Canada. He is really a brilliant man, you know. It is quite apparent that there is a great stirring of interest in the arts here. You are producing some fine singers and actors. I would like to spend some time here, but unfortunately there is so little time."

Sedge LeBland

RUDOLPH BING (right) and friend, Tyrone Guthrie

Trading on Gallantry

ONE OF THE most disgusting exhibitions of recent times is being given by those supporters of the Federal Government who try to silence criticism of the Department of National Defence by pointing to the magnificent performance of Canadian troops in Korea. They infer that the Canadian record in Korea would be something less than lustrous if the paper work at Ottawa were not so well handled. By doing so, they are insulting the troops themselves, because no amount of top-level planning can put grit and combat gumption into a gutless man; and they are belittling the skill and professional dedication of those who have trained and led the battalions.

Chance of Error

ARGUMENTS for and against capital punishment can be buttressed with all sorts of imposing statistics, quotations from Scripture and theses on the rights and duties of society. But there is one fact which the advocates of the death penalty cannot ignore, and that is the possibility of error which exists in any human judgment.

The authorities who so callously sent Ronald Power about his business a while ago, after freeing him from jail where he was being kept for a crime he did not commit, may not be losing any sleep over the incident, but there must have been some thoughtful people who considered what would have happened had Power been found guilty of murder as well as robbery. Suppose the young man had been executed before his innocence was discovered?

In England, at the moment, people are wondering if an innocent man was hanged a few months ago for a crime another man, now believed by the police to have killed several women, may have committed. Last year, in Connecticut, a young man was saved from execution when a witness confessed to perjury. The other day, the Ottawa *Citizen* recalled that in 1934 at Lynn, Mass., a jury was about to bring in a verdict of guilty against two men identified by eight witnesses as having committed murder during a holdup, when a bank robber, arrested for another offence, confessed to the crime.

There is no telling how many innocent men have been executed for crimes they did not commit. It is absurd for the police or anyone else to claim infallibility. It is this recognition of the possibility of error that has weighed more and more heavily on juries during recent years, and the result has been more recommendations of mercy, reductions of the charge to manslaughter, and dismissals. It is understandable; no decent person wants to put himself in the position of being a killer.

The Criminal Code is being amended. The amendments must take into account this possibility of error. The death penalty must be abolished, if only to allow for second thoughts on guilt or innocence.

The Outside View

THERE IS NEVER any lack of domestic discussion of the merits or demerits of Canadian writing. In magazines or newspapers, on lecture platforms or on the air, someone is forever extolling Canadian literature or bewailing its sorry state. While such discussion helps to keep the literary body alive and moving, it tends to become as personal and local as a family quarrel; and it is refreshing, from time to time, to get the opinion of someone outside the family.

It was to get such an opinion that SATURDAY NIGHT asked several outstanding writers and critics in the United States and Britain to summarize briefly what they thought of Canadian books and authors. Of them all, only Sean O'Casey refrained from passing some kind of judgment.

"I am not a literary critic, either by training or experience," Mr. O'Casey wrote. "You see, unfortunately too many take my opinion as a judgment, thinking too much of an opinion given by one who has written books himself; and so, I am reluctant to give one, fearing to hurt an author who, for all I know, may have much in him, or to encourage one, by a wrong opinion, who has in him nothing at all."

Ivor Brown, literary critic of the London *Observer*, thought it absurd to be asked if he had read any books by Canadians. "Of course I have," he said. "I have read Stephen Leacock and Robertson Davies, among your first-rate wits; Mazo de la Roche and Lovat Dickson, now publishing in England, for fine fictional pictures of Canadian life. I also remember Seton Watson and Grey Owl."

Edmund Wilson, probably the greatest of American critics, described Drummond, Carman and Service as "all good in their various ways," and said he was "set on Leacock."

Bernard De Voto went into more detail: "See page 634 of *Course of Empire* for my heartfelt tribute to Canadian historians. I am a profound admirer of the novels of Hugh MacLennan, in my opinion the best living Canadian writer. We owe much to emigré Canadians such as John Breb-

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ner. I have some familiarity with Canadian literature from Baron Lahontan to Alexander Mackenzie to Gwethalyn Graham. In my opinion, the generality of Canadian literature is quite as bad as that of the literature south of 49 degrees—and I will not suffer if there is no more Jalna."

Clifton Fadiman did not single out any particular books or authors from "the dozens" he had encountered in "over 35 years of continuous reading," while Robert E. Sherwood showed a preference for one volume.

"Among books by Canadians that I have read," Mr. Sherwood said, "one comes immediately to mind because I referred to it in a book review published last Sunday in the London *Observer*. It is 'Politicians and the War' by Lord Beaverbrook. This has been for 30 years one of the most interesting and important memoirs of modern times, and it could only have been written by a Canadian who occupied a high position in British life."

George Jean Nathan thought "it is possible that I have read and enjoyed books of Canadian authorship without knowing the nationality of the authors. In my wide and long reading, it is certainly most likely."

More specific was J. Donald Adams, of the *New York Times*: "I have read numerous books by Canadians, both prose and poetry, and regard some of them as excellent. I consider Hugh MacLennan your best living novelist and E. J. Pratt your best living poet, of those writing in English."

Reading for Pleasure

CHARLES LAUGHTON was preparing for his readings to Toronto audiences when we met him this week. His stage props are a tall stool and an armful of books. Deceptively cherubic, he perches his bulky frame on the stool, and appears to read from the books; actually, he can recite most of the material without ever looking at the printed page.

"This touring has got to be a pleasant habit with me," he told us, "and not until time takes its toll will I break myself of it. I have met thousands of men and women on my tours, and I can claim to know them personally. Somehow that seems much more satisfying than having people write to say they saw a movie of mine."

He had a glittering film reputation long before he started the vogue for dramatic readings—his portrayal of Captain Bligh in *Mutiny on the Bounty* still makes people shudder, even in memory. And he still makes regular appearances in fat film roles, although he often gives the impression he is playing a gigantic joke on producers and audiences alike.

"Hollywood?" he chuckled, in response to our question. "It's the lovely women and the handsome men in the heroic mould who draw armies of fans. There's no need for me to tell you that the heroic mould just doesn't apply to me." He added something about "the hind-side of an elephant."

How did the touring start? "One night back in 1940, producer Paul Gregory came to me with the idea for readings," he said. "Gregory had been in a tavern and saw me in a television show. Not long afterwards the first tour opened in Montreal. The audience was curious, I suppose, but the people seemed to like the idea. I've done the readings in close to 200 cities and towns in Canada, Britain and the United States since then, and that is in addition to my appearances with the Drama Quartet."

He did not talk about the vast amount of work he did during the Second World War, entertaining troops. The most frequent requests of the servicemen were for readings from the Bible and for the Laughton version of the Gettysburg Address.

Century of Springs

THE 100TH anniversary of the invention of the bedspring was celebrated the other day in Watertown, N.Y. The idea occurred to an observant blacksmith, James E. Liddy, while he was driving a buggy on a shopping trip in Watertown. He reflected on the way the coil springs in the buggy seat eased the jar when the wheels hit bumps on the road, and when he got home he set about fashioning similar springs which could replace ropes and planks as supports for mattresses. Little did he realize what refinements of comfort would stem from his invention, or what joy it was to bring to bouncing children. Indeed, he did not even bother to take out a patent.

Collector of Issues

FRED JARRETT, a bustling Toronto businessman, believes that if someone could get Premier Malenkov of Russia interested in stamp collecting, the Iron Curtain would dissolve in a mess of mucilage.

We found Mr. Jarrett in Toronto's King Edward Hotel, where the Canadian Philatelic Society was holding its convention last week. "I think," he told us, "if I turned up at the Kremlin and sent in a message saying that Mr. Fred Jarrett, honorary president of the Canadian Philatelic Society, was calling on Mr. Malenkov, I'd be shown in (after a wait, of course) and then we would chat for hours about different issues—different stamp issues, that is. He'd forget about everything else.

"The way I see the international situation, there isn't enough cooperation at ground level. We stamp collectors are always ready to talk stamps."

Mr. Jarrett, who is 65 years of age now and whose business is directing publicity for the Underwood typewriter people, has pursued his hobby for over a half a century. In his own collection, he said, he specializes in North American stamps and keeps his 50 volumes, which contain several million specimens, in a steel and concrete vault in the basement of his North York home.

"My 50 volumes could be split into 50 different sets," he said. "I became interested first in pictures of buildings, then in particular types of buildings, all fitting into the pattern of British North America. I have about 500 of the Beaver stamp—the first issue is now worth about $20 apiece—and once I almost traded 150 of them, along with my old car, for a second-hand Cadillac. The other fellow was a collector, too. But I decided to keep the stamps and make my own car last a little longer."

FRED JARRETT: "We would talk about stamps".

Age did not necessarily make a stamp valuable, he explained. "Some of the first ones ever printed are not worth very much, because everybody saved them. Now, there's a certain British Guiana issue, on the other hand, that Macy's in New York paid $50,000 to get. They keep it in the store and invite the public to look at it. People naturally want to see just about the most expensive stamp in the world, so in they go—and once they're in, they spend money."

A Different Budget

R. A. BUTLER, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, took a long step toward becoming Prime Minister Churchill's successor when he presented his second budget to a cheering House of Commons a couple of weeks ago. For years Anthony Eden was heir apparent, but over the past twelve months he has not been a well man; his handling of Britain's foreign affairs seems to have been uncertain, lacking in any brilliance, and as a result he has lost favor, not only with members of his own party, but with the British public. Mr. Butler, meanwhile, has emerged more and more clearly as a minister of extraordinary ability.

With his amazing budget, however, he did much more than consolidate his own position. Not only did the budget give the British themselves new incentive, new confidence and new hope that austere, restricted living would not become a permanent condition, but it demonstrated to the rest of the world the toughness of the British fibre and the strength of economic thinking which seeks to free enterprise instead of imprisoning it in rigid theory.

Mr. Butler imposed no new taxes, cut old taxes substantially, and, despite all this, budgeted for a surplus. "A new flexibility has come to the country's financial affairs," he said. "Business has been freed from restriction and controls, and there has been renewed confidence in the pound sterling." The success of his policies is shown in the figures: last year, for the fiscal year 1951-52, he had to announce an over-all deficit of more than $1 billion, while for the 1952-53 year he expects a surplus of more than $600 million.

Those who have written off the British as a spent force will have to revise their opinions, and they should be happy to do so. A strong Britain means not only a strong West but a much more stable world.

Personal

FOR SEVERAL weeks now, the state of Canada's air defences has been the subject of a hot and often bitter debate. Air Marshal W. A. Curtis, who had as much to do as anyone with preparing and administering the air defence program, gives his views on the development of the RCAF in an article, written specially for SATURDAY NIGHT, which appears on page 7 of this issue. On page 32, Evelyn Richardson tells why she and her husband have kept on living in their lighthouse home off Nova Scotia. Mrs. Richardson in 1945 won the Governor-General's Award for creative non-fiction with her book *We Keep a Light*, and now she has won the $1000 Ryerson fiction award with her novel *Desired Haven*.

In this issue, too, is SATURDAY NIGHT's Spring Book Supplement.

Letters

Weak Red Herring

A. R. M. LOWER reaches the ultimate refinement in dragging red herrings across the trail in his letter to SATURDAY NIGHT of April 18, in which he says ,"The point is that private ownership means American control." When defenders of the CBC monopoly on television in Toronto and other major centres have to fall back on such obviously absurd statements, it demonstrates clearly how weak their case is . . .

There are in Canada 139 non-government broacasting stations bringing service to every part of our nation, and they are the only ones which bring service to the smaller and more remote areas. All of these are owned exclusively by Canadian citizens who have also demonstrated in complete measure, their loyalty to the Canadian community.

Any one of these citizens who obtained a government licence would still be just as much a Canadian citizen as he is now. It is not necessary to be an officer or employee of a government monopoly in order to be a loyal and patriotic Canadian. It may not be without significance that in recent months the only defence of CBC's monopoly policy on television in Toronto and other major population areas has come from one quarter and has leaned on the absurd but significant argument that to be a Canadian one must be an official or an employee of a government operation.

Ottawa T. J. ALLARD

Swelled Heads

AFTER LISTENING to the uproar about the defence of Canada during recent weeks, I have come to the conclusion that a large number of Canadians are suffering from swelled heads. These are the people who seem to think that Canada is Russia's most dangerous enemy; that the whole Soviet air fleet is poised in Siberia ready to swoop down over the North Pole to blast the daylights out of Prince Rupert, Moosonee and Punkeydoodle's Corners.

If these people sat down and did some serious thinking, they would be forced to the conclusion that the Soviet can think of a lot of better things to do with its bombers, if it decides to start a war, than send them over the wide open spaces of Canada . . .

Glace Bay, NS FRED MCDERMOTT

Sting In Review

PROFESSOR NORWOOD'S delayed cracker in the current issue does not distress me, although I resent his accusation of "barbarism" — a tag which some academicians in the humanities are fond of using against those who deal in the market-place. They thus assert their own superiority of taste.

The sting in my review seems to have been the reference to Tillyard of Cambridge, whose strictures on graduate schools and Ph.D. theses hit those professors who make their livelihood out of them and hope to advance their reputations by parades of little printed essays, preferably bound. The reference was not barbaric. Professor Owen's book is made up from his notes on lectures to graduate and Ph.D. students. He was one of the cogs in the academic machine.

Professor Owen was undoubtedly a gentle and good scholar. But that is no reason for a person writing a brief review for a general, literate public to drool pious praise and grateful tears over a posthumous collection of his lecture notes which are as dull to read as a Ph.D. thesis, and not, apparently, a monumental contribution to Hellenic studies.

I am not competent to assess, nor did I try, the contribution Professor Owen has made to Aeschylean scholarship. I suspect it is not as great as his U. of T. coterie seem to think. The book is reviewed at some length in the Spring issue of *Queen's Quarterly* by a classical scholar. The review is lukewarm.

Peterborough T. J. ALLEN

Legal Hypocrisy

ONE OF THE most hypocritical laws now on the books is that which governs various forms of gambling. A man cannot place a 50-cent bet at the corner cigar store, but he can go to the track and throw away thousands of dollars. A worthy organization cannot operate a lottery, but churches can operate Bingos and other games of chance.

Just a little while ago, here in Ottawa, a young woman was fined $50 and costs on a charge of disposing of lottery tickets. The tickets belonged to a village social centre, near here, whose officials planned to stage a draw to raise funds for youth work. It was wrong, apparently, for the young woman to sell these lottery tickets. But it would not be wrong if she sold cards at a Bingo. If that isn't hypocrisy, I don't know what is.

Ottawa A. L. BRISEBOIS

Museum Director Replies

SATURDAY NIGHT of April 11th contained a stimulating article by Mr. Hugh MacLennan on the Montreal Museum's Spring exhibition. The article bore, as a sub-title, the emphatic assertion "Confusion Compounded." As a Director of that Museum, I would like to answer some of the questions raised by Mr. MacLennan.

First, then, there is the question of the two-jury system of selection. That system was adopted some years ago by this and many other museums, including the Metropolitan . . . Mr. MacLennan lets fly at the system. Had he heard the President's speech at the opening, he would have known that the way is already prepared for a return to the single jury. This was, in fact, reported in the *Star* the following day.

Secondly, there is the question of hanging. The selections of the two juries were not hung in separate Galleries, as was, I believe, the practice formerly, but were mixed together through the whole extent of the show. The Director does not serve on juries and has no hand in the selection, but I did assume sole responsibility for the hanging. The mixing was, of course, deliberate. Although there are pictures here at the extremes of both academism and abstraction, the great majority lie in between with no very strong convictions either way. Mr. MacLennan admits that the mixing is laudable, but seems to contradict himself in saying that confusion was thereby further compounded. I cannot agree with him that if a literal representation be hung next to an abstract, they cancel each other out. Rather, I would think, they add comment to each other; if either of them is good of its kind, it can stand up to that comment; if either of them is a bad example of its kind, the comment of its neighbor will show it up . . . .

It is evident that Mr. MacLennan feels deeply that something, somewhere, has gone wrong with the annual institution of the Spring Exhibition. I have read his article with close and sympathetic attention, but I am still not sure what or whom he is indicating. He uses the words "conservatism," in a pejorative sense, and "snobbery"; and he applies them to the majority of the Museum's patrons. That is both unkind and very far from the truth. Moreover, Mr. MacLennan is here himself making confusion further compounded. Neither the benefactors, nor the members, nor the authorities of the Museum have any responsibility for, or effect upon, the character of the exhibition. If he feels that the exhibition as a whole lacks stimulus, which I think is what he does feel, he should in fairness assume that the juries have done their best with the material submitted . . .

It is certainly both a remarkable and a healthy sign, when a distinguished novelist feels strongly enough about the visual arts to enter this arena. It might also have been quite a good thing if the members of both this year's juries had published a critique of recent novels.

Montreal JOHN STEEGMAN

Defends Prudham

YOU ARE considerably disturbed because Hon. Mr. Prudham is not a back bencher and because Mr. St. Laurent was loyal to his colleague instead of rigidly adhering to a principle which you state should be inviolate. You yourself state that the transaction was perfectly honorable, that, if anything, Mr. Prudham was the loser in the deal. As a matter of fact, he secured the opinion of a number of reputable appraisers and then paid considerably more than what they considered was the actual value of the property. This he did voluntarily, possibly to anticipate any criticism that might be offered. The transaction was open and above board. I don't doubt but that Mr. St. Laurent was fully aware of all the circumstances involved. Who has, in any way, been harmed by the transaction, and what good would have been accomplished if Mr. Prudham had sacrificed his position in the Cabinet or his business association, or Mr. St. Laurent had indulged in heroics and demanded his resignation?

There is such a thing as common sense and when a cabinet minister is honest and honorable and gives abundant evidence of the fact, it is not common sense that he be subjected to any unnecessary sacrifice . . .

Mr. Prudham could, no doubt, quite easily have acquired the property indirectly and have avoided any conflict with the principle you refer to, but he chose the open and honorable way. He showed courage, initiative and common sense, and if his method would establish a precedent in the conduct of public or private business, your inviolable principle could be thrown into the discard . . .

Edmonton GEORGE A. STEELE

For Accuracy

I AM very glad indeed to be able to receive SATURDAY NIGHT regularly and so to keep in touch with Canada.

May I, in the interests of accuracy and for no other reason, ask you to say that as far as I know I am not fortunate enough to have any Jewish blood in my veins?

Beverley Nichols, who is a friend of mine, tells me that he presumed that I was a Jew because I went to speak to a gathering at a Synagogue. But I often do that—I neither like nor dislike Jews any more than I like or dislike any other people. It is just that I don't want to claim anything that is not due to me that I ask you to publish this letter.

London, Eng. GILBERT HARDING

Fakir No Faker

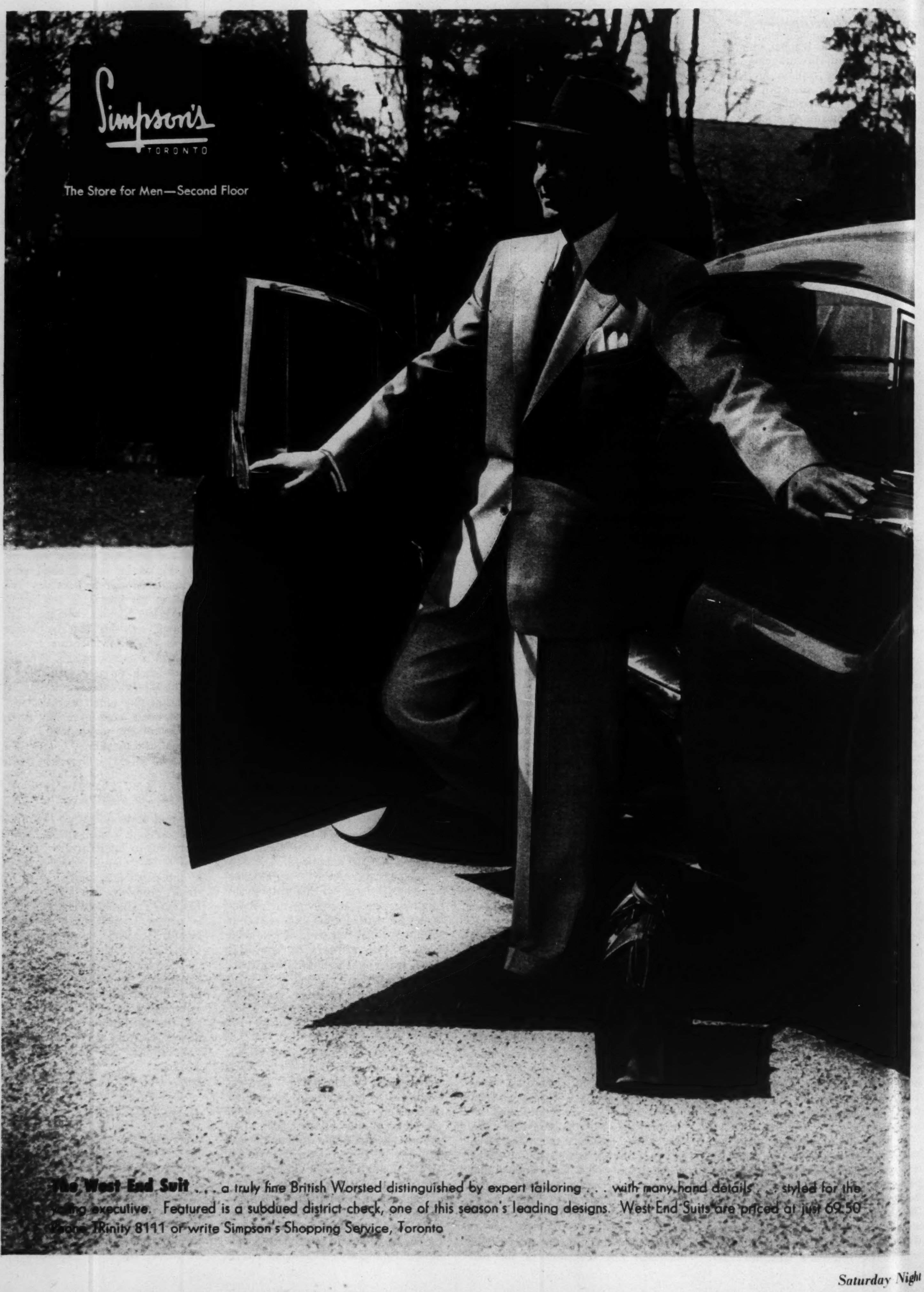
ISABEL BOAG is entitled to form her own opinions about art and to take exception to Paul Duval's "The business of Art (is) to reveal something of the personality of the artist". She would probably understand no better Brymner's quotation (in 1897) "Art is nature seen through a temperament". However, rather than quarrel with Isabel Boag, I sincerely hope that she may live long enough to get more arts (including the tinker's) than she has up to the present. As a start she might like to learn that a fakir is by no means a faker and, if she wants to be lady-like, that "a tinker's dam" — not "curse" — is correct.

Ottawa R. P. EGERTON

Better Facilities

IN CASE you don't know, the placing of the mailing slip on the front cover of SATURDAY NIGHT sometimes has amusing results . . . The latest example was the line of type under Senator Farris. I am sure there are better facilities close to police stations in this country . . .

St. John, NB EDWARD JONES



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TORONTO

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The West End Suit . . . a truly fine British Worsted distinguished by expert tailoring . . . with many hand details . . . styled for the young executive. Featured is a subdued district check, one of this season's leading designs. West End Suits are priced at just 69.50 Phone TRinity 8111 or write Simpson's Shopping Service, Toronto

Developing Canada's Air Defences

By W. A. CURTIS

AS CHIEF OF STAFF until February of this year, my job was to plan and carry out the build-up of the Royal Canadian Air Force from the time I took over its command from Air Marshal Bob Leckie in September, 1947.

I am now retiring after nearly 30 years of continuous service with the active or reserve forces of Canada, starting with the Army in 1915 and going on to the Royal Naval Air Service before I joined what was then the Canadian Air Force and later became the RCAF. It has been a rewarding service.

During the Second World War, the Air Force built up to a peak strength of 215,200. Altogether, no less than 245,500 men and women passed through its ranks between the years 1939 and 1945. In the RCAF and the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan we produced the amazing total of 131,000 aircrew, of whom 70,000 were Canadians. In proportion to population Canada must have had more aircrew than any country fighting on our side, and a great name they made for themselves.

However, what isn't generally recognized is that, normally, they did not fly and fight under Canadian higher command. The largest fighting formation of Canadians was one group in Bomber Command consisting of 12 bomber squadrons. There was also a small number of wings of fighters, each with about three squadrons. At no time during the Second World War did we have a Canadian Fighter formation anything like the air division we now have in Europe.

Another thing that we should remember is that while Canada produced some 16,000 aircraft during the Second World War, the big majority of these were trainers. We produced no aeroplane engines.

WHEN THE war ended, Air Marshal Leckie and the officers working with him were charged with the business of establishing an air force on a post-war basis.

They might have advised the government to have kept in being a number of fighter or bomber squadrons with the squadron leaders, pilots and groundcrew who had worked together during the Second World War and also with the aircraft that they had used during the Second World War, Spitfires and so on. Had that course been followed, in no time at all we would have had an air force with both pilots and planes too old for modern warfare.

Instead of that, Air Marshal Leckie and those working with him planned the postwar air force so that it would have a well-spread age grouping in all ranks and trades, and also so that just as soon as possible we would begin training new entries as air and groundcrew.

This meant building up training facilities with permanent accommodation and the latest types of training aids. It also meant lengthening runways to take jets. For aircraft, we decided to offset a credit we had with the Royal Air Force by taking delivery of 85 Vampire III's, the best type of jet then available, and later we got 130 Mustangs from the United States. These were the most efficient type of piston-engine fighter planes made in the U.S. They were rugged and had a good range and speed enough to deal with the only bombers the Russians were then considered to have, the TU-4, the equivalent of the U.S. B-29.

We had enough Harvard trainers to meet the requirements of the RCAF as planned in 1946-47. Remember that in the first complete year after demobilization was completed, April 1, 1947, to March 31, 1948, Canada spent on all defence less than $196 millions. The Air Force spent $55,455,000 and its strength was 12,000. Obviously, with money like this we could not have a considerable air force in being and the training and administrative facilities necessary to make a rapid build-up possible. We had to have a bit of both.

In this postwar plan, in addition to the regular force, we also provided for twelve auxiliary squadrons.

Obviously, the Vampires and Mustangs were interim aircraft, and a decision had to be made as to what planes we would get to meet future requirements. At that time, there was no thought of the North Atlantic Treaty and no thought of having an air force in being in Europe. That was not on the cards. Our main objective was to build up an air defence for Canada and at the same time have as much capacity for rapid expansion as we could afford to buy.

We made a complete survey of all aircraft known to be in production or on the planning boards of other countries. What we wanted was an aircraft which could operate over the vast distances of our country at all hours of the night and day and in all weathers. That meant long range, easy take-off, short landing, full instrumentation and navigation, and the capacity to carry the fuel and equipment, the arms and the ammunition to destroy any invader.

RCAF

THE CF-100: "*an aircraft which would operate over the vast distances of our country at all hours . . . in all weathers*".

Such an aircraft didn't exist anywhere and, moreover, so far as we could learn, none was even planned, still less on the drawing boards. The difficulties were great.

However, it was decided to give A. V. Roe (Canada) Limited the job of designing an aircraft and the engine to enable it to do the job.

This decision was made on my advice and I have never regretted it. It was a formidable task. Rapid progress was made and prototypes of both aircraft and engine were made in record-breaking time. Unfortunately, the usual difficulties which attend the development from prototype stage to production aircraft were encountered and delayed the production of this aircraft beyond our original hopes.

FROM LATE last year production models of both engines and air frames have been rolling off the production line. While this is about a year later than our best expectation, it is about the ordinary time for bringing into production a new and complicated type of aircraft.

What is more important, the CF-100 still appears to be away ahead of any other aircraft having comparable characteristics. Neither in the United States nor in Britain is anything comparable in production.

When people suggest that during this interval we should have gone in for the production of some other type, then it is up to them to suggest what type they would have chosen. In fact, there has been no other suitable type in production anywhere.

For our short range interceptor, after consideration of all available types, we decided to try to make arrangements to get the right to build the F86E Sabre fighter in Canada and that was done. Production was started as planned and has been carried through without a hitch. Canadair Limited has done a superlative job and every target date has been beaten.

To make both the CF-100 and the F-86E, as well as the trainers and other aircraft we needed, depended on our getting money in very different quantities from what was allowed for in the 1947-48 budget.

It is often forgotten that it is less than three years since Korea shocked the world and led to the expansion of defence programs in Canada as everywhere else. And it is also less than three years since the North Atlantic nations agreed to build up their strength together to prevent aggression, and Canada for the first time in peacetime agreed to have army and air units abroad on what two world wars have proved to be our front line in Europe. It would have been utterly impossible for Canada to have made the extraordinary strides she has in these three years had we, in the years before, put what money we had into having forces in being. The administrative and training facilities we had set up and the plans we had worked out were essential to enable us to produce and develop the result.

We worked, naturally, with the full advantage of free and frank consultation with our allies, particularly the Royal Air Force and the United States Air Force.

Then our plans for air development had to be fitted in to our plans for Navy and Army and all of them worked into a program. This meant almost continuous sessions with the planners and the Chiefs of Staff and then with the Minister of National Defence. Finally, these were all gone over in detail with the Cabinet Defence Committee and the Cabinet itself. The result has proved that the work was well done.

For some time, Canada's wing of Sabre fighters at North Luffenham was about the most important air defence that Britain had. Press references to our having Sabre fighters at Gros Tenquin in France had special significance, because the Sabres are the only aircraft on our side which are capable of dealing with the MIG-15. In his last annual report, the Secretary of Defence of the United

States, Robert Lovett, said that the combat ratio of Sabres to MIGs in Korea was nine to one (*ie*, nine MIGs to one F-86).

We can take some pride that ours was the first country to have a substantial number of these advanced front-line fighters in Europe.

Another wing has been on the way over and the fourth to make up the air division will arrive later this year to complete our full commitment by the target date.

Meanwhile, we were able to make a number of Sabres for the Americans and they were used with great success in Korea (incidentally, a good number of our RCAF pilots have had combat experience there and have shown what they could do). We are making and are delivering to Britain for the Royal Air Force close to 400 Sabre fighters, with the U.S. contribution of components amounting to about 30 per cent of the total cost. This will help Britain to fill the gap until she has some comparable aircraft in production.

The RCAF has made its contribution to the war in the Far East. No. 426 Squadron and CPA flying North Star aircraft made by Canadair Limited have completed 900 round trips, each of 11,500 miles, carrying millions of pounds of war supplies and passengers without loss or injury.

The accelerated Air Force program meant more construction and more training equipment.

The RCAF now has 16 major training establishments working full blast and two more in course of construction. We have already qualified about 1,600 aircrew for Britain and the other North Atlantic nations and even more than that for the RCAF itself. The T-33 jet fighter trainer and the latest type of Harvard trainers are being produced in Canada to meet our requirements.

The civilian aviation industry has done an astonishing job in the production of such types as the Chipmunk, Beaver and Otter of deHavilland and in the rearmament of Lancasters for our three maritime anti-submarine squadrons.

Equally important to the state of preparedness of our Air Force is the capability of the aircraft industry to support it.

Today, Canada has in addition to the airframe and jet engine plants in Toronto (deHavilland and A. V. Roe), Montreal (Canadair), and Fort William (Canada Car), new reciprocating engine plants owned and operated by Pratt and Whitney Ltd., The Bristol Aircraft Co. and the Rolls Royce plant, where both jet and reciprocating engines will be overhauled; also hundreds of subsidiary factories where aircraft engine and airframe parts are produced.

Then there are excellent electronic establishments, good armament works and aircraft instrument plants, all geared to support the aircraft industry.

Work is being pressed on with the development of air defences in radar, communications and fighters. The first major demonstration of this occurred last July when 145 of our fighters, both regular and reserve, defended our cities in Central Canada against repeated strikes by a total of 65 United States bombers, including jet bombers and B-36's.

No defence against bombing is 100 per cent effective. During the war in the Battle of Britain we considered it a good bag if we got anything like 10 per cent of the enemy bombers. When we were bombing them, an attrition of anything like 5 per cent was considered high.

So far the only bomber we know the Russians to have in considerable quantities capable of reaching this continent is the TU-4, a copy of the B-29 which was produced by the U.S. as early as 1942.

Against this bomber, the Vampire and the Mustang are effective. But in addition to the Vampires and Mustangs that we have left, we have a number of Sabres. At the present time there are three squadrons in process of organization and there are planes awaiting delivery to the other side, as well as aircraft and aircrew.

Altogether, there are over 100 Sabres available to fight in Canada today. It may be said that even this and the Vampires and Mustangs do not make Canada secure. That is quite right. No aircraft, no radar, nothing will make any country absolutely secure in the sense of being able to beat off all attacking enemy bombers.

All defence planning is a question of sizing up risks and the means of meeting them. Nobody ever has enough of anything. No defence is ever adequate. Almost everyone realizes that.

Defence planning is a question of arriving at priorities having regard to all the circumstances.

All things considered, with all the advantages of hindsight, I do not think there are many things that we who have had charge of planning and administering the program of the RCAF since the Second World War would have done very different with the resources we had.

As it is, the RCAF today, judged by the number of flying hours per man or plane, by its amazing transport record, by flights like Leap Frog across the Atlantic, is a worthy successor of the air forces of Canada which made such records in the First and Second World Wars.

It is time that Canadians began to recognize that today, yes today, Canada has one of the three or four greatest air forces on our side and that by the end of the year the build-up will be approaching the peak to carry out our program as and when we planned to carry it out.

I am not writing this out of a feeling of complacency or smugness, but I do feel that the officers and men who are carrying on this big job deserve the encouragement which appreciation of their great achievement will give them.

As for myself, it is a great thing to have been engaged on such work at such a time.

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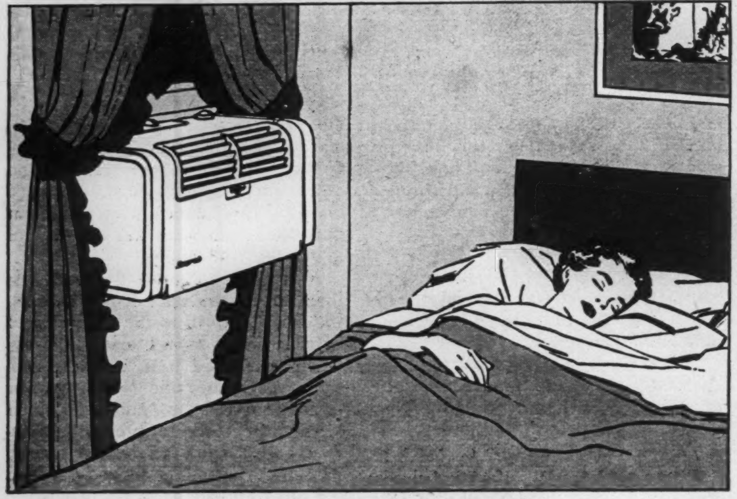

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Ottawa Letter

Members Look Beyond Prorogation

THE HOUSE of Commons, by its assiduous work, made good headway with the despatch of its business as prorogation became more of a definite goal. Most of the present members are seeking re-election and they are naturally anxious to get home as soon as possible, in order to attend to their political fences. Since most of them will start electioneering as soon as they reach their constituencies, strong pressure, in which members of all parties have joined, is being applied to the Prime Minister to fix polling day for some date in August, preferably the 10th or the 24th.

The main reason for this pressure is that campaigning during the hottest weeks of the summer will impose upon all candidates a very severe strain, which might be endurable if an end of it in August was assured. If the ordeal has to be prolonged till October, many of the political warriors would be nervous wrecks.

Mr. St. Laurent, however, does not like to forswear the pleasure of a cool holiday at his summer home on the St. Lawrence and face instead the rigors of delivering speeches in sweaty heat, and he will defer fixing the date of the election until he returns from the Coronation.

THE House of Commons is always at its best when it deals with non-controversial legislation, as members shed their partisan bias and discuss measures on their merits. As a result, there were interesting and educative debates on a Civil Service Superannuation Act, a bill about Fair Employment Practices and a measure providing for the organization and supervision of cooperative credit associations. The strength and success of this cooperative movement was indicated by the support forthcoming for this measure from members of all parties. It was appropriate that two of the Maritime members should pay tribute to the two selfless priests, Father Jimmy Tompkins and Father Coady, who were the originators of cooperative credit associations in the Maritime provinces.

Good progress was made with the passage of estimates, and over the votes for the Department of National Defence Mr. Claxton had a much easier time than he must have expected. After he had given a restrained account of his stewardship in an opening statement, he had to face a formidable indictment from General Pearkes, the chief military critic of the official opposition.

Apart from this, the attack of the Progressive Conservative party was not pushed home with the sustained force that counts. A steady current of applause from sympathizers always stimulates the oratorical vigor of speakers in Parliament, and it was only available from the Progressive Conservative benches in feeble volume. The errors and follies of Mr. Claxton and his Department are regarded as the most effective ammunition available for the opposition in the coming campaign, but the deplorably thin attendance of Progressive Conservative members during most of the discussion of Mr. Claxton's votes suggested that they do not regard the maladministration of his Department as a serious issue.

THERE ARE gloomy forebodings in governmental circles at Ottawa that chill tariff winds may soon be blowing from Washington.

It is true that President Eisenhower has proclaimed his aspirations for an expansion of international trade, but his promise of "mature deliberation" about American tariff policy did not indicate any burning zeal for the modification of it, which other countries feel is essential for the economic health of the whole world. Moreover, his timorous treatment of the outrageous performances of Senator McCarthy does not suggest that he will risk a quarrel with the high protectionist wing of the Republican party. President Eisenhower has only ventured to seek an extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Acts for a single year, and he may only secure it by conceding an elimination of the power to override decisions of the United States Tariff Commission.

What causes more immediate alarm at Ottawa is the stiffly protectionist attitude of Mr. Benson, the Secretary for Agriculture. He has informed committees of both Houses of Congress that he regards as hopelessly inadequate the restrictions upon imports of dairy imports imposed by the surreptitious device of a rider to the Defence Production Act, against which our Government protested strongly. He wants Congress to give him specific authority to bar all agricultural products which "interfere" with the workings of a domestic program of support for farm prices. If it is given to him, the outlook for Canada's exports of dairy produce and feed grains to the United States will become dark.

If Mr. Benson gets the tariff barriers for which he yearns, there will be political repercussions in Canada, adverse to the Liberal party, which has persistently claimed credit for establishing trade relations with the United States. These have been highly beneficial to our farmers, but the sudden withdrawal of the benefits secured, which would certainly cause a fall in prices, is bound to cause resentment among the farmers who suffer from it, and dispose them to take a favorable view of the Progressive Conservative party, whose leaders have always stressed the danger of too great dependence upon the American market.

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Our Busy Politicians

(From Hansard)

Mr. Fournier (Maissoneuve-Rosemont): I am sorry to interrupt the hon. member, but I should like to know what we are talking about.

Mr. Harkness (Calgary East): If you will just listen you will find out.

Mr. Fournier: I have been listening for more than half an hour and I do not know yet what we are talking about.

The Deputy Chairman: Order.

Mr. Fournier: Mr. Chairman, I am sorry to—

An hon. Member: Sit down.

Mr. Fournier: I rise on a point of order.

The Deputy Chairman: I must remind the hon. member that the member who has the floor may not be interrupted without his consent.

Mr. Fournier: May I point out to you, Mr. Chairman, that it is not my intention to interrupt the hon. gentleman. I merely want to know what we are talking about.

Mr. Fraser (Peterborough West): Do you know what you are talking about?

Mr Hees (Broadview): He doesn't know.

Mr. Fulton (Kamloops): It was then fifteen—

Mr. Fournier: Mr. Chairman—

Mr. Hees: Go out and have a sleep.

Mr. Fulton: Mr. Chairman, I do not like to be unpleasant to any other hon. member—

Mr. Fournier: You are not unpleasant; you are the most pleasant fellow in the world, but I want to know what you are pleasant about.

The Deputy Chairman: Order. I must remind the hon. members once more that the hon. gentleman who has the floor must not be interrupted without his consent.

Mr. Fournier: What is he talking about?

The Deputy Chairman: Order.

Mr. Fournier: Mr. Chairman, if you refuse to tell us what he is talking about, perhaps the hon. gentleman is in a position to tell us what he is talking about.

Mr. Fulton: I do ask the hon. member, with all the good will in the world, to appreciate the fact that I have done my best to explain to hon. members what I am talking about and the seriousness of what I have to say. If the hon. member is unable to understand me at the moment I do urge him to read it in *Hansard* tomorrow, when I think he will grasp the full implication of it.

Mr. Fournier: Mr. Chairman—

Mr. Hees: Oh, sit down.

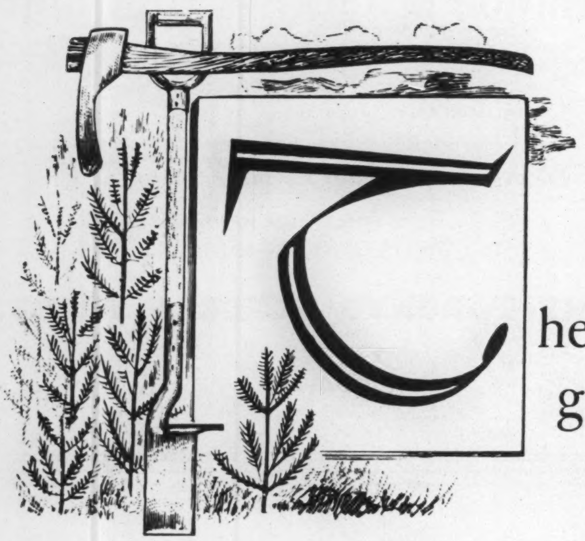
Mr. Fournier: The hon. gentleman has put a question to me, Mr. Chairman.

Mr. Fulton: In the circumstances I ask the hon. gentleman if he will do me a favor and let me continue without interruption.

Mr. Fournier: It is not a matter of favor.

Mr. Fulton: I am sure all hon. members will appreciate that.

Mr. Hees: You will feel better tomorrow.



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Spring Supplement

Books

Bouquets for the Critics

THE LEADING ARTICLE in a Book Supplement should surely be devoted to the most distinguished work of the season, but it is with no sense of elation that the present writer sits down to write about critics and criticism. It would be far more satisfactory to discuss a number of promising new novels, a handful of brilliant biographies, a hopeful departure in poetry or a fine venture in history. But the plain fact is that this spring the best books, considered as contributions to literature, are books of literary criticism.

This is a pity, of course. A great critic is, in a sense, a creator, but great critics are very rare. The others are appreciators of the work of other men—consumers of literature, rather than creators of it. But the fiction this spring is, upon the whole, poor stuff, and the other branches of literature have produced little that is distinguished. There have been good books, of course, but they have already received their full due of praise in our regular review columns. So far as this Supplement is concerned, the chief honors go to the critics.

Two excellent books about Willa Cather have appeared, and the first of these was begun by E. K. Brown, and completed after his death by his colleague Leon Edel. The second is by Miss Cather's close friend Edith Lewis, and as she wrote her own book from notes which she prepared to help Brown, these books are in a real sense complementary and belong together. Brown's book shows in plan and in writing his desire to respect Miss Cather's own wish for privacy concerning her private life. She held most strictly to the opinion that nothing about a writer belongs to the public but his work, and she left orders that her papers were not to be made available to biographers. Some American critics have complained that Brown's book is cold, because it contains no gossip. Certainly the book would have been fattened and perhaps enlivened by some personal revelations, but it would not have been improved. It is an understanding and finely sensitive study of a writer whose work demands precisely those qualities in a critic which Brown possessed—intellect in control of feeling, and classic rather than romantic predilections.

Miss Lewis' book, though more intimate in tone than Brown's, gives nothing away, but it gives us a sense of acquaintanceship with Willa Cather. It does not invite us to root in her bureau drawers and snoop in her files, as some modern literary biographies do, but it gives us a picture of the woman as she lived, and a consideration of her work which is full of insight. The reader feels that Willa Cather herself would have approved of both of these books.

From these we move to a consideration of Ernest Hemingway, by Philip Young, which is good in its way, though it fails to unlock the secret of its subject. Mr. Young tells us what Edmund Wilson and Heine have told us better—that the artist is a compound of strength and deformity, and that it is out of our great sorrows that we make our little songs. But although he makes some interesting guesses, and some shrewd leaps in the dark, we are never fully convinced that Mr. Young knows the secret places of Hemingway's heart.

His book gets away to a bad start, for he appears in his first chapter to be too much under Hemingway's influence to be able to form a valuable opinion about him; he even writes bad Hemingwayese in a few paragraphs. But as he continues we find much that is interesting and provocative, and many things are revealed in the books which had eluded this reader, for one.

We may wonder, however, why such a book is written about a writer who is, after all, only 55. Hemingway's best work may still lie before him. Why this haste to get him on the mortuary slab? That professors are under considerable compulsion to write books is understood, of course, but the final returns on Hemingway are not yet in, and at best—and it is very good in its way—Mr. Young's book is no more than an interim report.

GILBERT HIGHET: *The cadences of first-rate conversation.*

Gilbert Highet's *People, Places and Books* is a collection of pieces which began as radio talks, and that is their chief virtue. They are written to be spoken, and they fall upon the inward ear of the reader with the cadences of first-rate conversation. How few writers write for the ear! How few poets, even, ever seem to think that somebody might read their pieces aloud! And yet what rewards there are in this attitude toward writing. Mr. Highet's essays are graceful, witty and individual, but as criticism they do not go very deep, nor do they strike out on unfamiliar paths. Their virtue lies in the fact that they read delightfully and easily, and having ventured upon one we go on happily listening to this excellent talker until, to our surprise and dismay, the book is finished and our evening with this polished and learned man is at an end.

Anyone seeking a fortune might found a novel school for writers; he would first teach them to *talk* well, and when they had mastered that art they would quickly make the transition to writing. And they would never be guilty of the clotted, knotted prose which makes the life of a book reviewer a misery.

For some years the most attractive regular feature of *The New Statesman and Nation* has been the weekly book article by V. S. Pritchett headed *Books in General*. It is under this title that he has published a collection of these perceptive, brilliantly written essays, in which he runs with unfailing curiosity from Ouida to Andre Gide, and from Ronald Firbank to Dostoevsky, illuminating everything that he touches. There is a brisk and frisking spirit about Pritchett which gives the unwary reader a sensation that his work is light and perhaps superficial.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Wide reading and learning is behind every essay, but these are less important than the sheer critical power which he brings to every topic; like Edmund Wilson, his criticism is better than that of virtually all his contemporaries because his *mind* is better than theirs—stronger, subtler, more agile, and freer of twaddle. He writes not for coteries, or for professors, but for that neglected but important creature, the Intelligent General Reader. He is a truly literary critic and of such, it may confidently be stated, is the Kingdom of Heaven —at least in part.

Finally we bid farewell to that admirable critic, the late Desmond MacCarthy, as we read the collection of his work called *Memories*. MacCarthy, too, was a literary critic and a very wise one. The word is not carelessly written; it is wisdom—composed of a fine sense of proportion, a fine but not finicking taste, and a deep understanding of people as well as books—which marks his work and gives it lasting value. He knew many authors, not as critic's quarry, but as friends who thought of him as one of themselves. He pondered long and wisely about their work, and he penetrated to many secret places because he never hurried his judgment or flogged a theory until it dropped. Thus he was able to do what Mr. Young has not been able to do with Hemingway; he was able to throw light in dark places, and to do so without impertinence and without playing the spy. He was a great man, and posterity will probably decide that he was also a great critic.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

WILLA CATHER—*a critical biography by E. K. Brown—pp. 351 and index—McClelland & Stewart—$4.00.*

WILLA CATHER LIVING—by Edith Lewis—pp. *197—McClelland & Stewart—$3.50.*

ERNEST HEMINGWAY—by Philip Young—pp. 232, notes and index — *Clarke, Irwin — $3.50.*

PEOPLE, PLACES AND BOOKS — by Gilbert Highet—pp. 274—*Oxford—$4.00.*

BOOKS IN GENERAL — by V. S. Pritchett — pp. 253—*Clarke, Irwin—$3.00.*

MEMORIES — by Desmond MacCarthy — pp. 223—*Ambassador—$3.25.*

Much Art, Slight Matter

THE READER begins *The Easter Party* with a happy sigh. Here, indeed, is an author who knows how to write. Lean, evocative, brilliant, the prose flows on and the characters emerge with beautiful clarity. But about half-way through, dreadful doubts arise; can the story really be such hokum as it seems? Is there, in the wry phrase, less in this than meets the eye? No book so well written can be a complete failure, but it is a disappointment. Either that, or the critic, catching the elegant tone of this prose,

Bookworm's Choice .....

MARY II: QUEEN OF ENGLAND by Hester W. Chapman is one of the most completely absorbing biographies we have read. This book is as fresh as the first daffodil for it breaks new ground in giving us a full-length, colorful portrait of a complex and fascinating woman about whom little has been written. Here, also, are the times and the court of William and Mary from a new, provocative viewpoint. This Book Society choice is highly recommended ($5.25) ¶ And speaking of biographies, take our word for it that A BONNIE FECHTER the life story of Lady Aberdeen (who founded the National Council of Women and the Victorian Order of Nurses) is lively, engaging, and well worth your time. It's by her daughter, Lady Pentland ($5.00) ¶ Fresh and gay as spring is LAUGHTER ON THE STAIRS, latest in Beverley Nichols' tremendously popular series about the rejuvenation of old gardens and homes. This sparkling tale, a companion volume to MERRY HALL, is about his adventures when he took over a neglected Georgian house. It's delightful ($3.25) ¶ TASTE OF DEATH is new, too, and refreshingly different. Its author, Fenn McGrew, is really two brilliant women, Julia McGrew of Toronto and Caroline Fenn of Oberlin, Ohio, and they bring to the detective novel a perspective in characterization only too often lacking in that genre. Here's a story about murder in a girls' school that will act like an astringent on your winter-weary sensibilities ($3.00) ¶ Does the spring make you feel adventuresome? Then let us recommend that great bestseller "the Kon-Tiki of the mountains" ANNAPURNA by Maurice Herzog ($3.25) and LIVING DANGEROUSLY by F. Spencer Chapman ($3.00). Both are electrifying to read and leave one spiritually satisfied as well. The whole family can—and will—enjoy them, over and over again.

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confesses himself *l'oncle d'un singe.*

Sir Walter Mortibois is a great lawyer, and a very odd man. He has a beautiful country house called Anstey, and a dog which he loves dearly, called Svend. He loves the dog better than he loves his beautiful wife Rose, whom he married on the strict understanding that he would never sleep with her. At Easter, Rose asks her dull sister and her dull brother-in-law and her nice nephew to Anstey, and also the beautiful Lady Juliet Quarles. Sir Walter is so intolerable (in a beautifully high-bred way) that his brother Gilbert, who is a great brain surgeon, decides to teach him a lesson. Playing on Sir Walter's passion for logic and reason, he takes Svend away to cut him up for scientific purposes. Sir Walter mopes. Anstey burns down. Svend comes back unharmed. Presumably Sir Walter thaws a few degrees but at 53 such a reform comes a little late.

If there is something significant behind this, my coarsened sensibilities have missed it. If a man loves a dog more than his beautiful wife, I want to know why. If a stick like Sir Walter can command affection from anything more critical than a dog, I want to know about that, too. The pleasure of reading Vita Sackville-West's admirable prose sends me once again to her earlier and better books, mildly and forgivingly regretting this one.

THE EASTER PARTY—by V. Sackville-West—pp. 239—*Michael Joseph—$2.75.*

Art and Advertising

Few distinctions are more misleading than that which divides "fine" from "applied" or "commercial" art; there is a distinction, of course, but it is not that which exists between artists of a higher and a lower order; the difference is one of purpose, rather than of quality. In the Fourth Annual of Advertising Art, which is issued by the Art Directors' Club of Toronto, there is work of a quality to command the interest of anyone seriously interested in art.

What immediately impresses about the work illustrated here is the command of technique. The men whose work is represented are fully capable of executing any idea they may have—an ability which is not invariably present in artists of higher pretension. They may best be judged, then, on their ideas rather than on their execution. It is good to be able to say that all the work included in this volume is cast in the best modern convention of advertising art, and some of it reaches distinction and individuality within that mould.

We may wonder why this ability is not more widely used in the service of Canada. Some of these men, for instance, could do much to improve the appearance of Canadian stamps, and when the designs of our hard and paper currency have to be changed, as happens from time to time, we should like to see what one of our first-rank Canadian commercial designers would make of a one-dollar bill and a twenty-five cent piece. Fine presentation is at least as important in these realms as in the competitive field of advertising. Here are admirable artists: why don't we make wider use of them?

4TH ANNUAL OF ADVERTISING ART—by the Art Directors' Club of Toronto—*Burns & McEachern—$6.00.*

A History of Mealtimes

If you ever give the matter any thought it may surprise you to learn that William the Conqueror ate dinner at nine o'clock in the morning. When dinner moved nearer to midday, people thought that the degeneration of the race could go no farther. Yet dinner did, within this century, become as late as nine p.m. in some fashionable circles. The meal now seems to have begun a backward journey, and even at our grandest, few of us eat any later than seven, now.

If you had lived the life of a Victorian businessman, you might well have thought it effeminate to eat anything between breakfast and dinner. As for afternoon tea, it is an upstart meal, made necessary by late dinners. But if you had lived in the eighteenth century you might have had all the pastries, jellies and other dishes that we associate with afternoon tea at eleven a.m., and you would have called it breakfast.

Is there any subject which is really more permanently fascinating than that of eating? In this delightful little book you may learn what our ancestors ate, and at what time, and why. It is a splendid commentary upon the mutability of everything connected with meals, except the basic art of pushing aliment into one's mouth and gulping it down.

MOVABLE FEASTS — by Arnold Palmer — pp. 153 and handsomely illustrated — *Oxford—$2.50.*

Evergreen Nash

Admirable and agreeable, as always, this latest collection of the verse of Ogden Nash lives up to our previous opinion of him. But we begin to wish (even though we experience some sensation of disloyalty to an established favorite as we do so) that Mr. Nash would stop living up to our previous opinion, and live up instead to our expectations. He does not grow. And he is such a pleasant wit, and so able a versifier, that we want him to grow; we feel that he is capable of deeper fun and defter versifying than this, which is precisely what we have become accustomed to.

Mr. Nash has only one successful manner, and that is the familiar combination of long and rambling lines combined with short and thwarted ones. When he ventures into the more familiar rhythms of light verse he is uncertain, and his flashes of brilliance are few. We would not for an instant wish him to moderate his extravagances, his anarchies of language or his wild puns, but we wish for his sake and our own that he could in some manner extend his range. Nothing in this book is below Nash's high standard, but it contains no surprises. It is the mixture as before, and we love Nash too dearly to wish him to rest on these familiar laurels.

THE PRIVATE DINING ROOM and other New Verses — by Ogden Nash — pp. 164 — *McClelland & Stewart—$3.25.*

Books for Spring

Authentic Letters from Upper Canada With an introduction
by JAMES JOHN TALMAN

This, the first in a series on Canadian History, presents both an interesting and entertaining insight into the rigours of settling in a new country, during the 1820's and early 1830's.

The problems of pioneer life, and the pleasures, including a description of the field sports, are told with humour and accuracy.

Originally written by an immigrant family, to friends and relatives in Ireland, these letters were first collected and published in 1835 and are here reprinted for the first time. $3.00

John A. Macdonald
DONALD CREIGHTON

One of the most informative, interesting and inspiring biographies about a Canadian, this account of the great statesman's years up to the time of confederation is of interest to every Canadian. $5.75

A Year of Space
ERIC LINKLATER

One of the foremost authors of the day writes with candour and perception of a world wide trip.

The Korean War, (including interviews with Canadian Troops fighting there), Australia, New Zealand and New Guinea are visited and described. Finally Mr. Linklater tells of one man's growth and change, in this unsettled period in world history. $4.00

O Rugged Land of Gold
MARTHA MARTIN

An intensely moving story of unquenchable courage and faith; of how a woman, terribly injured, is cut off for months of winter in the Alaskan wilderness—from all humankind: how she fails in two desperate attempts to escape: how she bears alone, a healthy and beautiful child: and how at last she is rescued. $3.75

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by
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Photographs by Studio Liza

Here is no pomp and circumstance, here is no regality—just normal, happy healthy children enjoying themselves with their mother and father. With these delightful pictures we are privileged to join in the home life of our Queen and her family. Fully illustrated by photogravure.

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No Picnics on High in Canada

CANADA IS FORMED and bounded east, north and west by mountains, yet as far as our literature is concerned, our mountains are pimples on the plain. The Laurentian Shield has produced no exploits comparable with those in Wales or the Pennines; the Rockies no sagas of the Alps or Himalayas, yet our Rockies scale the skies. Why no literature, no exploits?

These questions arise from several mountaineering books published in recent months. There has been Maurice Herzog's epic of the Annapurna climb and descent in India (SATURDAY NIGHT Jan. 10), published by McClelland & Stewart. The veteran climber H. W. Tilman has written *Nepal Himalaya* (MacMillan, SATURDAY NIGHT Feb. 14), and now we have *No Picnic On Mount Kenya* by Felice Benuzzi (Ryerson, $3.50), a preposterous tale of prisoner-of-war escape to adventure in the mountains of Africa. It is a mixed bag of thrilling reality, with mountains on the horizon, but no such wonderful tale has come out of our Rockies. Is there any notable Canadian climbing? Is there any literature of climbing in Canada? Is there no romance? Why is little heard or written about climbing in our great mountains?

Sir Oliver Wheeler, president of the Alpine Club of Canada, the chief Canadian mountaineering club, gave a practical answer to such questions, which this reviewer asked of him. "In Switzerland you can kick off with enough in your pack to last three weeks or so—and not carry a very heavy pack at that—because of the huts. The Alps attract, too, because of firmer rock than Canada, making much more severe climbs possible in safety; and by the presence of many professional guides. Likewise they are high and even the high ones easily accessible; and there is glamour in 'the trip abroad'. Others from abroad find the glamour in reverse. They like to come here, but they don't like the back-packing and bush-whacking

"In the Himalayas there are untold peaks over 20,000 feet unclimbed, unexplored and fairly readily accessible with cheap labor, ready-made trails, etc. All the Himalayan 'alps' are populated by sheep, goats, yaks or what have you. There are trails of sorts. In the new ground in Canada there are not, and there is nothing but bears, wolves, etc.; no habitation or corner bazaar where you can buy a little grain, maybe a little sugar, salt, etc., enough to keep alive."

Brigadier Sir Oliver Wheeler, M.C., knows Canadian mountains. He accompanied his father, the late Arthur C. Wheeler, in survey work in the Selkirks between Revelstoke and Golden, carried out between 1901 and the Great War.

Like this reviewer, Arthur C. Wheeler wondered why few Canadians were interested in mountain climbing. To focus interest he founded the Alpine Club of Canada in 1906 in collaboration primarily with the late Mrs. H. J. Parker of Winnipeg, sometime staff member of the Winnipeg *Free Press.*

Sir Oliver Wheeler was himself a member of the first Mount Everest expedition (1921) and mapped it.

"Canada's mountains do not lack fascination, but it must be admitted that it is only the few that are fascinated by bush-whacking. And much bush-whacking is necessary, to break new ground, except in the Yukon region where glaciers are apt to be the trouble, miles and miles and miles of them, back-packing. 'Porters' (if they can be had at all) cost fantastic sums".

Sir Oliver says that the sport of mountaineering in Canada is not yet recognized as an industry, as it is in Switzerland and India. Foreigners have come here to climb, but no brass band of the press has followed them, although newspapermen (like Charles Woodsworth of the Ottawa *Citizen* are active members of the Canadian Alpine Club). The CPR has provided Swiss guides into our mountains, but still travellers think Mount Robson to be our highest peak.

It is, from a train. The highest is actually Mount Logan.

What of Canadian mountaineering literature? Apart from the *Canadian Alpine Journal,* published annually by the club since 1907 (except for a few years during the war), most writing on Canadian mountaineering is out of print: Dr. Norman Collie, Sir James Outram, Professor A. P. Coleman of Toronto, Walter D. Wilcox—one of the earliest visitors to the Lake Louise region. The late Frank Smythe, English mountaineer, wrote a book on climbs in the Canadian Rockies, as L. C. Wilson, secretary of the Canadian Alpine Club, reminds this reviewer. But there is no book as famous as Whymper's *Scrambles Amongst the Alps,* or, now, as *Annapurna,* or Tilman's works.

Which returns us to *No Picnic On Mount Kenya.* While one could wish for such vivid, harrowing and romantic tales out of Canadian mountains, for the time at least we have to go abroad for them. This story by an Italian prisoner of war in Africa has a curious fatalism. Mount Kenya was to be the avenue of escape. A desperate avenue; it is over 17,000 feet high. The small party did climb it, enduring fateful hardship. Then the party came down, with even more difficulty, only to break into the prisoner of war camp from which they had escaped. "In your dream you did not conquer me, but you have reconquered yourselves."

T. J. ALLEN

Inside Old Ottawa

There are a good many Canadian writers now, and from time to time they suggest that their country does not appreciate them as it should. Perhaps they are right, but if they want to learn how dismal the lot of a Canadian writer was thirty years ago, let them read this informal autobiography by Madge MacBeth. If, from time to time, they are able to peep over the rim of solvency, it is because they are standing on the shoulders of

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"A distinguished interpretation of Canadian life . . ."

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By James Herbert Cranston. Recollections of fifty years by a leading Canadian newspaper man. Mr. Cranston was for twenty-two years editor of the *Toronto Star Weekly.* Later he made the *Free Press Herald,* Midland, a famous weekly. A book for every newspaper reader, everyone interested in recent Canadian history. $4.00.

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By Arthur C. Turner. The implications and problems of NATO are here excellently presented. The book follows months of discussion by a group of specialists, members of The Canadian Institute of International Affairs. NATO means new and revolutionary commitments for Canada. A book of the first importance. $2.00.

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By Marjorie Wilkins Campbell. A delightful report on what is worth seeing in the great Province of Ontario: holiday country, historic sites, industrial centres, gold fields. Covers the chief highways, goes north to Moosonee, along the canoe route of Champlain. Give this book to all your friends. Illustrated. $3.50.

At Your Bookseller's

THE RYERSON PRESS
TORONTO

Mrs. MacBeth and the writers of her generation.

This is a cheery, breezy book, all the better because it hits the high spots of the writer's life and spares us much that must have been hard to bear, but cannot be remedied by recollection. It is also a useful footnote to many a page of Canadian history, for Mrs. MacBeth has known many of the great ones of our country and has seen them with a clear and steady eye. It is not everyone, for instance, who has been offered a barber's chair by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, or who can tell us exactly how Sir Robert Borden spoke, and what effect this manner of speech had on the public estimation of his character. And not even Bruce Hutchison has been trapped in an elevator with Mr. Mackenzie King.

This is a story of courage, but it is not the courage which first catches the imagination; we are engaged from the beginning of the book by the writer's caustic wit, sharp journalist's eye, and flair for significant detail. But when we have closed the book it is the impression of courage and good sense which remains.

OVER MY SHOULDER—by Madge MacBeth—pp. 170—Ryerson—$3.25.

Satan's Children

Great claims are made on behalf of Georges Simenon by his admirers; it has been seriously asserted that he is the greatest living writer of fiction. Certainly his work is of a quality to command serious attention and respect, but it is too narrow in scope to support a claim to greatness. Simenon is, within his range, endlessly inventive and perceptive; he is a brilliant and economical storyteller, and he has a notable command of dialogue. But his specialty is bourgeois beastliness, and even his occasional "good" people are submerged in it. The predominant quality of his work has been called astringent; it might with equal justice be called wry. Doubtless it is realism, but realism of the flattest, grubbiest sort—the realism of the laundry basket rather than that of the linen cupboard.

The book under review comprises *La Verité sur Bébé Donge* (translated as *I Take This Woman*) and *Les Quatre Jours du Pauvre Homme* (Four Days in a Lifetime). The first is about a woman who tries to poison her husband; this action convinces him that she loves him, and he tries to save her from the law, without success; when she is in prison, he lives only for the time of her release.

The second is a tale of genteel poverty, and of criminal success; one of the brothers Lecoin, having lost his faith in his family's respectability through the revelations of another, becomes the publisher of a blackmail sheet, and after some prosperity, is brought to ruin, and gives himself up to the police in a last attempt to regain his self-respect.

In both stories the drawing of character, the economy of means, the evocation of atmosphere, are wonderful. The sordidness of sex as practised by sordid people is brilliantly explored. Artistically both stories are notable successes, in that they achieve to perfection what they set out to achieve. But they are not stories to which the reader is likely to return with pleasure.

Moral judgments on works of art are of doubtful value, admittedly, but in all writing of fiction there is some moral content, implied or explicit. One of the morals of both these stories is that crime does not pay; another is that cheap success in love or business brings only disgust. Conveying such unexceptionable messages, and supported by such artistic gifts as Simenon commands, why is it then that these stories leave such a disagreeable taste in the mouth?

SATAN'S CHILDREN—by Georges Simenon—pp. 298—George J. McLeod—$4.95.

Spring Parade

THE APPLE TREE **Daphne du Maurier**
Tales of mystery, wonder and imagination; a rare feast to lovers of the unusual in literature. "Daphne du Maurier's skill as a story-teller is at its best in these." *Toronto Globe* $2.25

LANDFALL **Helen Hull**
The story of a marriage that came near to disaster because of a selfish woman, who substituted ambition for love. "A novel of vital human interest and appeal." *Montreal Star* $3.50

THE FAIR BRIDE **Bruce Marshall**
Civil war in Spain, 1936, and the clash of the new republic under Communist control, with the Church. "The spiritual element of the story is developed with power and deep feeling. The panorama of the great city in the throes of revolt is a masterpiece of descriptive work." *Montreal Star* $2.50

M IS FOR MOTHER **Marjorie Riddell**
The zaniest, most delightful story of a doting British mother and her efforts to aid (?) and keep an eye on her grown-up, self-sufficient family. One of the most amusing and rollicking books to appear in many a while. $3.50

VOICES IN THE HOUSE **John Sedges**
A search into the inner life of a good man, and into the whirlpool of his thoughts and feelings when beset by the sombre moods of middle age and the bewildering problems of marriage, fatherhood and the young generation. $3.50

ONLY PARENT **Louise Dickinson Rich**
The author of *We Took to the Woods* tells of her determination to create a normal, happy life for herself and her children after the sudden death of her husband. A charming, witty, and very personal narrative. $3.50

SWORDS OF ANJOU **Mario Pei**
A refreshingly different historical novel—a tale of young Thierry of Anjou, which takes it spirit as well as its events from the *Song of Roland* and the medieval *chansons de geste*. "A stirring and intensely readable narrative." *Saturday Review*

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Books For the Young

ON REVIEWING CHILDREN'S BOOKS is bound to be a tricky business, for a fully satisfactory child's book must please both the adult who buys it and the child who reads it or has it read to him. It is not enough to please the child alone, for the notion that children have natural good taste is a sentimental and ill-founded one; many children delight in the third-rate, the too-easy, and the stickily "cute". Nor is adult taste alone a sure guide, though nothing is more certain than that the adult, who pays the piper, will call the tune.

In the following estimations of the season's offerings for the young, therefore, I have tried to temper my own opinions with those of several children to whom I have read all or parts of the books reviewed; the books for older children have been read by children of appropriate age, working for me on a cake-and-chocolate-bar basis. When a child's opinion has been of particular significance I have given it with the label *Child*. Estimation of age groups has been done as carefully as possible, but as the intelligence of children is almost as variable as that of adults it can never be completely satisfactory. Here goes:

Ages 1 To 5

THE TIRED TRAIN—by Lelia Berg, pictures by Jean Bailey—*Clarke, Irwin*—$1.60.

From the smallest child who likes to listen to spoken sounds to the child bound for kindergarten, these excellent stories will please, for they introduce funny noises (good for the father who likes to read aloud) and funny arrangements of words on the page. The story which gives the book its name is in the cumulative style (like *The House that Jack Built*) which is always sure-fire with children. *Silly Billy* is about a boy who does not understand the value of money, which will give the small listener a great sense of superiority—an emotion children do not have too many chances to feel. A book with excellent variety, and with a timeless appeal for the very young.

SIX O'CLOCK ROOSTER—by Melvern Barker—*Oxford*—$2.75.

A good picture book for the very young, about a little boy who visits his country cousin and is amazed and somewhat daunted by life on the farm. He soon learns to like it. A simple and direct story and the pictures are excellent.

Ages 4 To 6

LITTLE MISS PINK'S WEDDING—by Rodney Bennet, pictures by Astrid Walford—*Clarke, Irwin*—$1.25.

The sixth book about Miss Pink, and fully up to the previous high standard. The character of the little mouse has great charm and sweetness without ever being sickly. Reminiscent of Beatrix Potter, and fine for children at the age where they are keenly interested in animals.

THE MAKE-BELIEVE TWINS — by Phyllis McGinley, pictures by Roberta MacDonald—*Longmans Green*—$3.00.

Peter and Penny like to pretend to be things which they are not, and their fantasies are expressed in rhyme printed as prose. Lacks artistic truth (which a child's book *must* have) because it so obviously expresses what a mother with a cute mind would like to think her children imagined. The profuse illustrations are in the cloying Disney-and-treacle manner. *Child*: "Don't let's have *that* again".

Ages 5 To 7

HERE COMES MRS. GOOSE—by Miriam Clark Potter—*Longmans, Green*—$3.25.

Children like these stories about the stupidity of Mrs. Goose better than their elders, for there is a good deal of Babbittry in Mrs. Potter's animal world, and the moral of the whole collection is Conform to the Norm. There is little imagination here, and except that the characters are animals they behave precisely like small-town North Americans. It is upon just such stuff that Thornton W. Burgess and Arthur Scott Bailey built their renown.

Children enjoy it, but the thoughtful adult will yearn to put a bomb under Mrs. Goose and her right-thinking friends. Amusing and imaginative pictures by the author's husband.

Ages 6 To 10

FAVOURITE FRENCH FAIRY TALES — retold from the French by Barbara Douglas — *Clarke, Irwin*—$2.00.

A good selection of favorites from Perrault — Cinderella, Red Riding-Hood, Puss-in-Boots, and the like. A few pleasant illustrations in color, but not a picture book, and not Disneyized. A basic book for any child's library.

TALES FROM THE SECRET BUSHLAND — by Thelma Cocking, pictures by Sally Medworth—*Clarke, Irwin*—95 cents.

Jan is an Australian boy, seven years old, whose grandmother is about to send him to boarding school. The animals of his secret bushland engage him in several adventures, and try to frustrate this educational plan, but at last they decide that education is important (and what story-book animal, in this world dominated by schoolteachers and public librarians, would have the gall to do otherwise?)

The Grey Rat, the Ooziwozzit, the Green Pig and the Striped Worm are very good fun, but one is conscious of a shadow behind them all; it is the shadow of *Alice in Wonderland*. Not a crude copy, but "of the school of ", as the art critics say of paintings not really good enough to be by the hand of the Master.

NUKI—by Alma Houston, pictures by James Houston—*Longmans, Green*—$3.75.

A first-rate story about life among the Eskimos by two Canadians who know what they are talking about. Nuki loses his father on a hunting expedition, and helps his young uncle Utai to feed the family for the winter, thus proving himself as a hunter and being accepted as a man. An excellent introduction to Eskimo life, in which a lot of solid information is imparted without falling into dullness.

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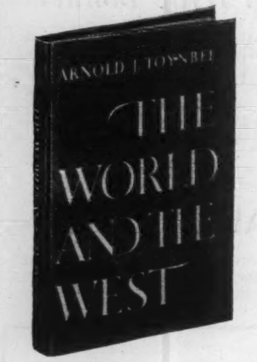

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Adults will enjoy it, as well as children.

THE LUCKY CAT — by Frances and Richard Lockridge—*Longmans, Green—$2.75.*

Wonderful for cat-owners and cat-lovers, for it does not sentimentalize the animals but is detailed and authoritative about their ways. Flutters is a Siamese cat who escapes from his home and has alarming adventures with traffic and rough, low-bred cats. The pictures carry out the realistic, quiet tone of the story.

Ages 9 To 12

SAFE ON SECOND BASE — by Ed Winfield Parks—*McClelland & Stewart—$2.50.*

Tom Winton succeeds in getting into the Cherokee Mills baseball team, though he has been lame and unable to play with the other boys until he was eleven. The story follows the building up of the team and their final winning of the pennant. Wholesome stress on sportsmanship and team play.

CHANGING CANADA—by *Mary Quayle Innis, pictures by Arthur Stevens—Clarke, Irwin—$1.50.*

The second book in a good series which leads to Canadian history through pictures. A lot of information about early settlement, exploration and political development, pleasantly and effectively imparted. For schools, but might profitably find a place in a child's home library.

For Those From 12 Upward

FIRST FISH — by C. B. Colby — *Longmans, Green—$2.50.*

An excellent book for the beginning angler, telling him about kinds and habits of fish, kinds of tackle and how to make some of it, how to mount a fish, and how to cook one. Safety rules for fishermen are included, and a glossary of fishermen's terms. Good, clear pictures by the author.

FIANDER'S HORSES—by Violet M. Heathcote —*Oxford—$2.50.*

For horse enthusiasts, and pretty dull going for others. An orphan girl goes to work as a stable-hand to get money to buy a horse. She learns everything about horses, and so do we. Would have been better in the form of a handbook for young horsemen. *Child*: "I love horses, but there's a limit".

SECOND-SEASON JINX—by Burgess Leonard —*Longmans, Green—$3.00.*

The author is a sports writer and an authority on baseball, and this is for enthusiasts. Clem Gompers goes into training for his second season, fearing an occupational hazard called Second Season Jinx, over which he triumphs, after many a game, lovingly and lengthily described.

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A Poem and a Book of Poems

ONE OF THE MOST puzzling anomalies of this scientific age is that the poetic traveller thrives and is cherished more than ever before. The wonder of being transported from one place to another on the globe's surface has given way to the mental travel that is experienced in the mind and heart of the person being thus transported. Perhaps it is just one more proof of the kinship between our years and their counterpart in the seventeenth century when men, having discovered the marvels of the macrocosm without, turned consciously to the exploration of the microcosm within.

The latest of these poetic travellers is Cecil Day Lewis; his book, *An Italian Visit*. It is a book of deep human interest which, on its surface level, presents well-known thoughts in exquisite form. Any traveller who is not a clod must have had some of these thoughts, but it is the poet who provides their articulation.

In narrative free verse that holds the reader's interest as closely as an absorbing mystery tale would do, the poet presents the thoughts and sensations of the tourist, modern man, poet, three protagonists who represent the three main trends of a complex personality or the interplay of self-criticisms varying according to mood and personality-development in one individual: Tom, the sensual man, who travels merely for enjoyment; Dick, who searches for himself in the rich compost of the past; and Harry, who is the artist and analyst with a sense of responsibility. The three characters thus symbolize also the present, the past, and the future.

The poem opens with "Dialogue at the Airport" in which Tom, Dick and Harry assess themselves and each other and discuss their expectations. Then follows "Flight to Italy". In Parts III, IV and VI we learn what each traveller finds in Italy: Rome for Tom, Florence for Dick, and Death at Settignano for Harry. Lastly there is "The Homeward Prospect" and reassessment. Part V, an interpolation on the works of art in Florence in the mood of Moussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition*, interrupts the sequence and the mood of the poem as a whole. It is an amusing aside for its own sake, but it is not integral to *An Italian Visit*.

Mr. Lewis indicates that his poem is a series of variations on a master theme. The result is a rich point counterpoint on the dominant theme of life and death in time and space, expressed in brilliant and varied images, ironies and allusions that free the reader's own imagination.

How fluent and mature this work sounds when compared with the already splendid but still raw-boned work defiantly offered in the late 'twenties and early 'thirties by Mr. Lewis and his friends! This comparison has most significance for those readers who matured in the 'thirties and who are roughly contemporary with Mr. Lewis, for a far greater change has taken place in the public ear than in the poets themselves, enough of a change to return an affirmative answer to Alida Monro's challenge of twenty years ago: "Posterity will decide whether or not this is a poetic generation".

Mr. Lewis treats his profound subject with so much humor and balance of thought and emotion that the reader is left with a sense of optimism and quickened vitality. Quite the opposite impression results from a reading of *Spring Birth and Other Poems* by Mark Van Doren. Many of these poems have appeared before, either in pamphlet form or in publications as divergent as the *Kenyon Review* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. This gulf indicates accurately the scale of poetic values contained in this book.

A LARGE number of these poems are sonnets and a still larger number are in formal stanzas of varying length, a puzzling contradiction since the poet is so much more masterly in free verse which helps to dissipate both heaviness of language and dullness of imagery. One group of poems entitled "The People of the Word" dominates all the rest of this book for interest and beauty of poetic expression. The poems are written around Old Testament characters and situations that have tantalized the imaginations of men through the ages. As a whole, however, these poems, expressed in imagery that is too often static, lack spontaneity. There is about them a faint but fatal aura of the college of education.

Of these two poets it is the poet of the so-called Old World who has the vibrant vitality of spirit, and the poet of the New who sounds debilitated and nostalgic.

M. A. H.

AN ITALIAN VISIT—by C. Day Lewis—pp. 77—Clarke, Irwin—$1.60

SPRING BIRTH and other Poems—by Mark Van Doren—pp. 152—Clarke, Irwin—$4.00.

●

A guilt edged tune for a guilt edged occasion . . . Yes, that's Golden Coach especially recorded in England for Coronation. A tune that's bound for the very top, to reign supreme.—*First paragraph of a publicity release from London Records.*

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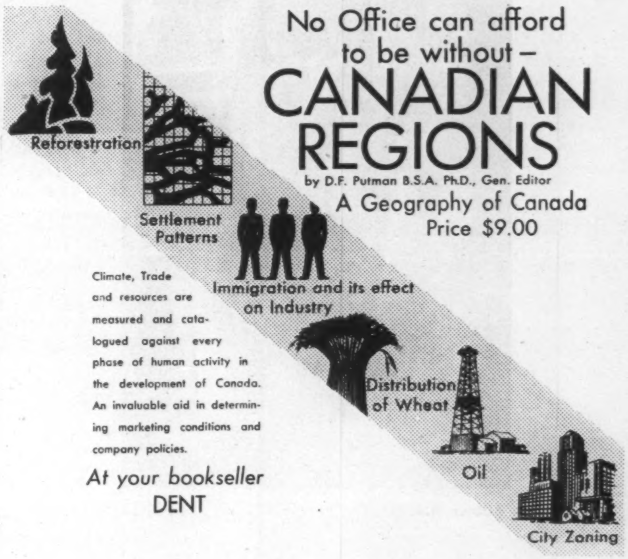

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Music

The Slight Touch of the Season

"APRIL is the cruelest month," sings T. S. Eliot, "breeding lilacs out of the dead land." But his is one of the few voices that celebrate the coming of spring in melancholy terms. It is true that a season of rebirth must bring a note of sadness to those who have no more prospects of being reborn. Shakespeare's long sonnet-struggle with Time brings this out. It is he, too, who speaks of the uncertain glory of an April day. Even joy in the new life need not be unmixed with a sense of apprehension and wonder that perhaps all this is happening for the last time; that perhaps next year the world will have somehow forgotten the way out of winter.

Or perhaps he who watches the year awakening suddenly hears the relentless trampling of the seasons, wearing out his life. Then he may feel true Panic, the infinite terror inspired by Nature, and seek to subdue it by the discipline of beauty, and try to record in experience, the living world's new year. In *The Shropshire Lad*, Housman struck this mood of frozen fire in the great spring poem *Loveliest of Trees*.

But it is unusual for poets (even great poets who are accustomed to show light in darkness and shadow in sunshine) to show any reservations when dealing with spring. It is agreed that no hyperbole is to be thought excessive when the muse has turned to Spring and to Love; and indeed the Muse often short-sightedly regards these two conditions as identical. They are at once the poet's greatest subjects and his greatest images. He wearies of neither.

But what do we hear from the other custodians of the lyric spirit, the musicians? Almost nothing. A few songs, but surprisingly few, considering the stentorian promptings of lyric verse. Schubert, always the grand master of dramatic irony, has written songs like *Trockne Blumen*, or *Fruehlingstraum*, that catch the poignancy of thoughts of spring, piercing the last fall of night, of winter and of sorrow.

The savagery of spring, the dreadful deeds of the cruelest month and its successor, its brutality, the basis, in fact, for the Panic of spring: all these have been struck off by Stravinsky in *The Rite of Spring*. There is very little tenderness here; instead we are engulfed, drowned and surfeited with the bursting superabundance of rank proliferation. But *The Rite of Spring* was framed for a ballet, and so was Aaron Copland's teasing, nervous *Appalachian Spring*. Here again, the prompting is literary, for the framework of a ballet should certainly be thought of as part of the drama.

As for music not directly inspired by literary programs, I can think of only two works, and I am sure that it will turn out that even these were inspired by the manuscript fragments of some justly forgotten poetasters. One is Schumann's *Spring Symphony*, and for all its vigor, I do not feel that Schumann comes out well in this symphony (or any of the others). His epigrammatic style remains elegantly terse, but in his symphonies, the epigrams somehow fall out of logical order, and get arranged in alphabetical order, so to speak. They do not flow, so that it is as the old Scotsman said of the dictionary: "Fine meaty reading, but a wee bit disconnected."

What is perhaps worse, Schumann has again given way to his irresistible habit of clothing his tenderest creatures in an orchestral mantle of mud. I could make base comparisons between this style and the state of spring weather, but Schumann was a fine artist, and for such cases Don Armado has the last word, telling us to beat not the bones of the buried, for while he lived he was a man.

Then, as always, there is Beethoven. The best of his early violin sonatas is called the *Spring Sonata*, and it is tender, majestic, noble and peculiar by turns. In other words, it is a piece of early Beethoven, the glorious young Phoenix who died, alas, too soon, but rose from his own ashes in the frowning person of Jupiter Tonans, Beethoven the Second.

So there is nothing to be said about the *Spring Sonata*, except that it is certainly Beethoven spring music, like all that young man's fancies till the cloak of high seriousness began to fall upon him.

But what to me is the true voice of spring in music comes from Wagner, who is still heard of in his native land as the Old Magician.

In the first act of *Die Walkure*, the brother and sister are about to fall into each other's arms under the mystic influence of the spring. The door of the dark hut mysteriously bursts open, and the moonlight that then floods the room penetrates to every corner in the heart of the music. "It is the spring that laughs in the house!" cries Siegmund, and to the deep contented murmur of the orchestra, he sings that winter's storms now yield to the moon of bliss; in gentle radiance, shines forth the spring.

There is the same sweet note of spring the poets sing of; the good cheer after desolation; the annual image of rebirth that is enacted in the rituals of almost every known religion. This is the promise of the rainbow, and I am sorry that more composers have not thought fit to show us this special illumination of darkness, this opening of Pandora's box for its last gift, Hope. Much music certainly suggests this quality, but rarely has it been consciously attempted. To my mind, the Wagner masterpiece will not be surpassed.

LISTER SINCLAIR

Foreign Affairs

Amazing Case of the Kremlin Doctors

AS I SEE the case of the Kremlin doctors, the laying of the accusations was an effort by Malenkov to undermine Beria, and the release of the victims was Beria's triumphant counter-attack.

Let us try to peel off the layers of mystery and enigma. Why was the name of Zhdanov, Malenkov's great rival for the successorship up to his untimely death in 1948, used? Why the anti-Semitic slant? Why the naming of certain famous generals as near-victims of the "doctors' plot"? Why were the accusations signed by General Poskrebyshev, the head of Stalin's personal secretariat? What was the role of the man Ignatiev, who has now been kicked out of the Ministry of State Security, and out of the Secretariat of the Communist Party?

The placing of Semyon Ignatiev, always considered a Malenkov man, as Minister of State Security, in direct charge of the secret police apparatus —one of the three departments under Beria's general supervision—was revealed only the day before the announcement of Stalin's illness and is one of the main clues in the case. The evidence of the undermining of Beria's position during the past year, so that at the Party Congress last October he was only ranked sixth in the Politburo, I have detailed here before. But the revelation that Malenkov had been able to place his own man in charge of the secret police lit up the dark scene like a flash of lightning. Let us add to this the supposition that Poskrebyshev had been promised Beria's job, and examine the plot which he and Malenkov rigged up to eliminate this dangerous rival.

It is almost exactly the same plot as the same men had rigged up 15 years before to eliminate Yagoda, the then head of the secret police! For both Malenkov and Poskrebyshev worked closely with Stalin throughout the Great Purge of the 'Thirties. Yagoda had been accused of plotting with the Kremlin doctors the medical murder of Maxim Gorki and two former members of the Politburo. This time Beria was not actually named along with the Kremlin doctors and the two "murdered" Politburo members, Zhdanov and Shcherbakov, but the parallel was clear enough.

Zhdanov's name was used to give the case the highest possible importance, while the naming of Shcherbakov dated the case back to the days when Beria had direct responsibility for the Ministry of State Security. Shcherbakov also had the reputation of being the strongest anti-Semite in the Politburo, and a man who, as head of the Political Administration of the Armed Forces, was believed to have blocked Jewish promotions and decorations wherever possible. Surely, coupling his name with those of famous generals such as Vasilievsky, Konev, Govorov and Shtemenko, was an appeal to the Army against the hated "Jewish" secret police, who, with these Jewish doctors, had conspired to "murder" its leaders.

Stalin implied his support of Malenkov's move against Beria by lending the authority of his personal secretariat to the accusations. At least *Pravda* and *Izvestia* must have had this understanding, else their editors would never have dared attack the "lack of vigilance" and "loafing" of "certain Soviet organs and their leaders".

But because this was a struggle for power—of the kind which Stalin had used to maintain his own ascendancy through the years, seldom allowing any man or group to count absolutely on his support—and not a purge, which Stalin would have carried through ruthlessly, Beria was able to fight back. Doubtless he also found allies who wanted to check the power of the cold and unloved "machine man", Malenkov. A week after the doctor's case broke, Beria appeared on the stage of the Bolshoi Theatre, with Stalin and Malenkov. And shortly after that Beria probably was responsible for the state funeral given to Mekhlis, his former chief political commissar in the Army, and a Jew.

This seems to have been a cue to the press and radio, for they switched in early February from criticism to praise of the "organs of state security." And the day after Stalin's death was announced, the communiqué on the reorganization of the government showed that Ignatiev had been kicked out of the Ministry of State Security, and Beria had united this with the other two sections of the Ministry of the Interior under his direct control.

Four weeks later, after Malenkov had been squeezed out of his leading Party position and deprived of the credit for the price reduction, the amnesty, and the offer to help in bringing about a Korean peace (orders for which were signed by Mikoyan, Voroshilov and Molotov), Beria felt strong enough to throw the whole doctors' case right back at him. Exposing the role of Malenkov's man Ignatiev, he proclaimed that before he, Beria, resumed control of the organs of state security, things were run in a highly improper manner. That will only make people smirk in the USSR. But it will be carefully noted by all those Russians whose lives may depend on picking the winner, that Malenkov has not been able to protect even a man he had advanced to the Party secretaryship.

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Travel

Jasper Park Lodge

HOW ARE *things coming along at Jasper since the fire? Will everything be ready at the Lodge this year? —A. C. deH., Vancouver.*

The new central building under construction at Jasper Park Lodge, the Canadian National Railways resort in Jasper National Park, Alberta, will be ready for the opening of the 1953 tourist season.

The structure, one-third larger than the former central building which was destroyed by fire last summer, is estimated to cost $1,500,000. It is of stone and log construction and will be a single-storey structure fronting Lac Beauvert, with a wing housing the administrative offices extending from the east side. The dining room, 175 by 62 feet, will seat 600. The main lounge will be 116 by 90 feet.

Passage To Europe

I KNOW *I am a late starter. But in view of all the attractions, do you think there is any hope of my booking a trip to Europe this year?—G. M. F., Prince George, BC.*

While Europe will probably have its greatest influx of tourists this summer, it is by no means impossible to get transatlantic accommodation. This does not mean, of course, that you can go to your travel agent or to a steamship or airline office and get space immediately. Most ships and planes are solidly booked throughout the summer, but many persons whose names are now on the books will not use the space. Others, not easily discouraged, will be able to go even if they have no reservation at this time.

The cancellation rate on transatlantic travel is quite high and those with flexible plans can frequently get on a ship or plane, even though waiting lists are long. Tourist and cabin class passage on ships are the hardest to come by. First class is less overbooked.

Accommodation In New York

IS HOTEL *accommodation in New York any easier than it was? What is the best way of making a firm reservation?—A. H. S., Scarborough, Ont.*

The only way of making sure of accommodation is to book well ahead of your visit. Several leading New York hotels maintain offices in Canada. The Biltmore, for example, has a representative in Toronto, and others are represented by travel agents. Do not go to New York without a reservation or your chances of getting good accommodation will be very slim.

Maine Events

PROPOSING *to visit Maine this year, could you let me know where I can obtain information on special events in that State?—C. L. L., Midland, Ont.*

There are 76 events of general interest for the spring, summer and fall seasons listed in the 1953 Maine Calendar of Events which can be obtained from the Maine Publicity Bureau at Augusta. These include sports and trade shows, fishing derbies, music festivals, historic celebrations, art and craft exhibits, open house days, food festivals and a full schedule of outboard racing and regattas to be held this season.

Hunting in Africa

PLANNING *a business trip to South Africa this year, I expect to spend some time there. What is the real situation today about hunting, not what we have seen in the movies? —O. H. J., Montreal.*

Except in a few areas, the days of South Africa as a big game venue are past. The watchword now is the careful guardianship of those rarer species of fauna which still survive. The camera has taken the place of the gun.

Big game hunting today is confined to remote districts, largely on private land or estates. The principal areas still open to the hunter are in the vicinity of the Etosha Pan in the northern portion of Southwest Africa; in the north of Bechuanaland; in the northern and northeastern Transvaal and in parts of Zululand. Within the National Parks and Reserves *all* animals, as well as bird life, are protected.

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Films

Hitchcock in Quebec

BY THIS TIME Alfred Hitchcock must be heartily tired of the responsibility of being Alfred Hitchcock. The guarded comment, "Good, but not good Hitchcock", is the very highest praise he can now hope to wring from his critics, who are still looking for the visual tricks and jolts he used to employ twenty years ago. There have been plenty of indications that Hitchcock himself has tried to escape the dead weight of his own reputation. For a time he experimented with immobilizing his camera, while keeping the camera-eye incessantly alert and omniscent (e.g. *Lifeboat* and *Rope*). These innovations, however, failed to interest his admirers, who still demanded the sense of flight and incandescent terror that filled pictures like *Secret Agent* and *The Thirty-Nine Steps*.

The Hitchcock reputation still continues to dog Director Hitchcock, like the Hound of the Baskervilles. And now, in *I Confess* he has apparently taken refuge from it in the purely conventional approach to an unconventional theme—the predicament of a Roman Catholic priest (Montgomery Clift) who is bound by the secrecy of the confessional, even when his own life is threatened by silence.

The identity of the murderer is revealed in the opening sequence of *I Confess* and this excludes the element of mystery. There is relatively little suspense, since it is clear from the beginning that the murderer's wife (Dolly Haas), a good churchwoman, will not see her priest go to the scaffold. The plot is visibly rigged, and a love story, told in flashback, holds up the action without offering much compensatory interest.

Yet *I Confess* has many of the special qualities which Hitchcock's earlier and flashier technique helped to conceal—a knowing and humorous concern with minor characters, an eye for apt and arresting locales, the ability to saturate his story in the mood of its background, which retains its special "feeling" without borrowing the spurious interest of a travelogue. The more obvious Hitchcock touch may be lacking in *I Confess* but there is enough visible Hitchcock treatment to make an unusually interesting film.

As the harassed priest, Montgomery Clift is called to suffer a good deal, but bears his troubles impassively. (The great advantage of the screen is that it can actually show its characters breaking into a sweat of anguish, each bead magnified thirty times, and this takes a lot of weight off the acting). Anne Baxter, as the enamored Quebec matron, suffers a great deal too, and is a lot more excitable about it. Her troubles, however, fail to leave much impact on anyone except Miss Baxter.

Karl Malden and Brian Aherne are also involved, Mr. Malden as a conscientious Quebec detective, and Mr. Aherne as a party-going Prosecuting Attorney. Karl Malden seemed rather peremptory and Brian Aherne rather easygoing about the conduct of the investigation, but since Director Hitchcock appears to have been guided throughout by expert legal and ecclesiastical advice, their characterizations may be accepted as authentic.

Call Me Madam has style, color, bounce and gaiety, and while it would be unfair to give all the credit to Ethel Merman—after all, Irving Berlin contributed the score—it is hard to imagine how the original Broadway triumph could have succeeded on the screen without its original Broadway star.

The picture has an excellent cast, including Donald O'Connor, George Sanders, Billy de Wolfe, and Vera-Ellen, all assigned to roles which show them to the best possible advantage. But neither cast nor plot is any further away than two whoops and a holler from the U.S. Ambassadress to Lichtenburg, who is always on hand to bounce in and energize the show whenever it threatens to deteriorate into more Graustarkian prettiness. The humor is sometimes repetitive, and the references to Harry, Bess and Margaret are no longer topical, but Ethel Merman's sheer comic vitality, which has nothing whatever to do with timeliness or taste, overrides these handicaps triumphantly.

George Sanders, putting aside villainy for the time being, appears as a courtly Lichtenburg general, and even sings a song or two in an agreeable bass. By contrast to Ethel Merman, he seemed a little over-cautious in his vocalism. But who wouldn't be?

The Irving Berlin score goes all the way back to the 1913 *International Rag* and includes *It's a Lovely Day Today, The Hostess with the Mostes' on the Ball, What Chance Have I With Love?* and *Can You Use Any Money Today?* They all sounded wonderful.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

●

CATSKILL, N.Y. — (AP) — Maude Adams, one of the greatest American actresses, is in hospital here for treatment of bronchitis and pleurisy. Attendants said the 81-year-old actress is in good condition.

Miss Adams won acclaim for her performances in "Peter Pan" and other fantasies by Sir James M. Barrie. She retired from the stage in 1918, but returned briefly in 1913 to star with Otis Skinner in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."—*The Montreal Star.*

And she didn't look a day older.

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Our Busy Politicians

(From Hansard)

MR. BLACKMORE (Lethbridge—speaking in the debate on broadcasting) . . . There is an ever prevailing danger of undue influence, of hidden hands, guided by evil forces, acting unknown to the people. Anyone in this country or in this house who fails to recognize the truth of what I have just said is betraying the trust which has been imposed upon him.

MR. STEWART (Winnipeg North): Will my hon. friend permit a question? I should like to know whose these hidden hands are, to whom they belong? I think we ought to know this.

MR. BLACKMORE: I think you ought to know it. I think it is one of the hon. member's deficiencies in this house that he does not know it. If he will come with me outside the house I will put him through a course of training that will teach him these things; and it would be greatly to his benefit.

MR. STEWART: In secret?

MR. BLACKMORE: My room is no secret place.

MR. STEWART: Put it on *Hansard*.

MR. BLACKMORE: My room is no secret place, and the hon. member will be welcome. I have not time to teach him from the floor of the House of Commons.

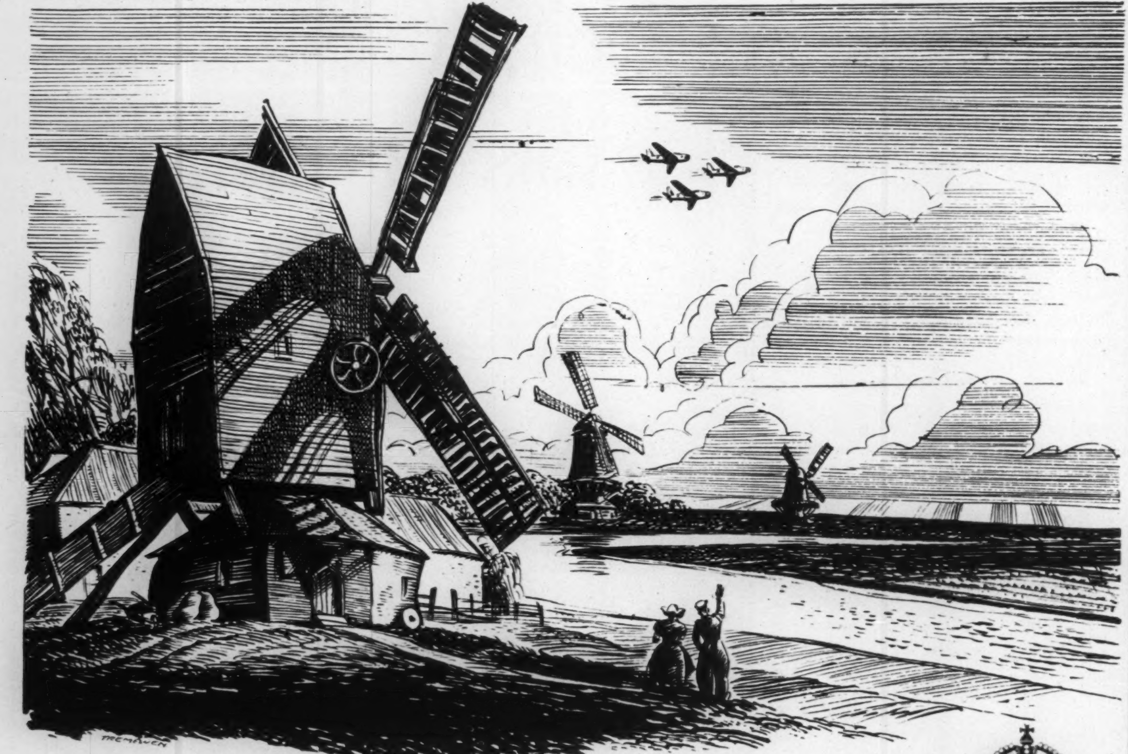
MR. STEWART: Let us have the truth today.

. . . MR. NOSEWORTHY (York South): I challenge you to do it here.

MR. BLACKMORE: All right. You come around and see me and I will put you through a six months' course in salvation.

MR. MCCANN (Renfrew South): Will you give him a diploma?

One of a series featuring R.C.A.F. squadrons



R.C.A.F. Sabre Jets Over Holland.
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Murray Meltzer is an analytical chemist in charge of the chemical laboratory, through which many of the materials and solutions pass for analysis before release to the production lines. Mr. Meltzer finds the laboratory of Canadair an interesting place to work, because of all the branches of engineering chemistry, his work centres around one of the most advanced fields of modern science — the new era of supersonic flight. It is young men like Mr. Meltzer and his fellow workers, eager to tackle every new problem of aircraft production, who established the saying: "Canadair is an interesting and good place to work."

CA53-10F

Chess Problem

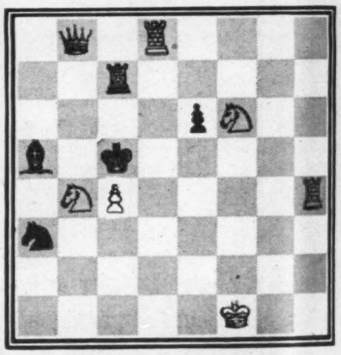
WHILE the ninth century Arabian compilers emphasized the occurrence in actual play of nearly all of their selected stratagems, it is clear that many of them had been subject to considerable refinement by individuals practiced in this subsidiary form of the problem art. H. Weenink quotes the following interesting example from the lost MS. of al-Adli, earliest known compiler—White: K on KKt8; Rs on K1 and KKt1; Kt on KKt3; P on KB4. Black: K on KB3; Rs on Q2 and KR2; Kt on KKt3; P on KB4. White to play and win.

The win is a mate in three by 1.Kt-R5ch, RxKt; 2.RxKtch, KxR; 3.R-K6 mate, and White is forced to adopt it, as otherwise he would lose. A note to the position says, "This happened to Abu'n-Na'am, and he used to boast of it." It is obvious that had the position been approached in actual play, White would have been mated on the previous move.

The strong and threatening opposing force characterizes many of the positions in the Arabian MSS., and it is clear that it was the foremost device to produce soundness. For example, in the al-Adli position, removal of the black Kt and the R on Q2 would not affect the mate in three, but then White could also win just as soundly by a mate in four, starting with 1.KxR.

Problem No. 11, by E. E. Maybee.

Black—Five Pieces.



White—Seven Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

The author of No. 11 above, is one of our few present-day chess problem composers with any substantial production to their credit. Mr. Maybee experiments with various types and themes, old and new, and occasionally turns to end-game composition. He is high school principal at Deseronto.

Solution of problem No. 10

1.Kt-R1, PxQKt(Q); 2.Q-B2, etc.
1.Kt-R1, PxQKt(R); 2.RxP, etc.
1.Kt-R1, PxQKt(Kt); 2.Q-K6, etc.
1.Kt-R1, PxKKt(B); 2.Q-Q6, etc.
1.Kt-R1, PxKKt(Q); 2.Q-B1, etc.

The black Pawn creates distinct variations by the four promotions to Q, R, B and Kt. It is impossible to achieve this task in a three-mover by promotions all on the one square.

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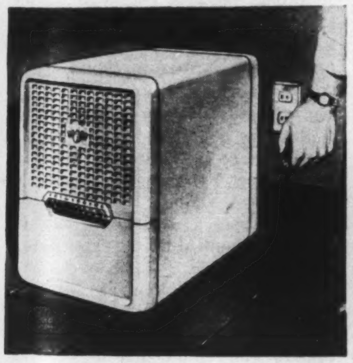

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Sports

Baseball Almanac

THIS IS the season of the year when the managers of baseball teams make those rash predictions which will haunt them right up to the moment when they negotiate for next year's contract. A perusal of the public prints reveals that two National League managers have stated flatly that they will win the ruddy gonfalon this year while two managers in the American League have laid claim to the pennant.

Not only that, but 12 of the 16 managers in the two leagues have predicted publicly that they will finish in the first division. Things obviously are going to be pretty damned crowded up near the top.

The manager of a baseball team undergoes some strange metamorphosis when he makes predictions. He begins to quiver like a Model-T Ford; his eyeballs revolve rapidly and finally fall out of their sockets, striking the back of his skull with a sound that is reminiscent of the ringing of a Chinese gong. In short, he blows his conk.

One must assume that all baseball managers are unable to read or, at any rate, they don't subscribe to a newspaper clipping-service. If they pasted their own utterances upon the wall, to reproach them, they wouldn't continue to make fools of themselves, year after year. Just to save these benighted gentlemen the necessity of keeping a press book, your correspondent proposes to chart this year's adventures of a rather typical representative of the species. It goes something like this:

March 1—The New York Bugs assemble at their Florida training camp. Manager "Blubberlips" Muirhead gathers the reporters together and reports that his ulcers have healed rather nicely during the winter. Looking over his hirelings with obvious satisfaction, he predicts that the Bugs will have "a hustling ball club; a fighting ball club."

March 3 — Otis "Satchelfoot" O'Toole reports to the training camp of the New York Bugs. O'Toole is carrying a cardboard suitcase in one hand and his shoes in the other. This sterling athlete is the discovery of Spider McGlynn, the Bugs' chief talent scout, who found him working as inside man at an independent distillery situated in a cave in the Ozarks. Before O'Toole would sign a contract, the Bugs had to agree to put his father through veterinary college and, additionally, they agreed to arrange a parole for his brother, who had borrowed a Cadillac convertible and a blonde without bothering to consult the owner of either.

March 5—Otis O'Toole takes batting practice with The Bugs for the first time. Hitting left-handed, he clouts six pitches out of the park. Hitting right-handed, he knocks seven

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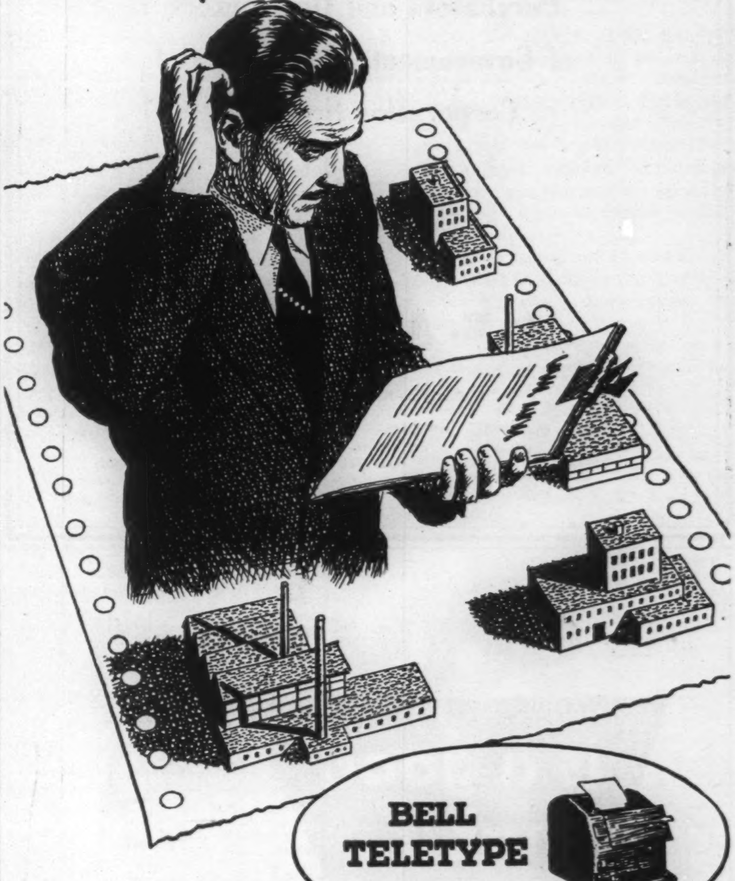

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pitches out of the park. Manager "Blubberlips" Muirhead predicts that O'Toole is "a Big League prospect."

March 6—New York Bugs hold sprint drills. O'Toole runs 100 yards in 9.8 seconds, wearing full equipment and carrying his cardboard suitcase. Manager Muirhead makes plans to buy his wife a new mink coat with his bonus money when the Bugs win the pennant.

March 28—New York Bugs beat the Platka Azaleas, 18-2, in their first exhibition game. Otis O'Toole plays five innings in centre field; drives home six runs with a homer, triple and double. Additionally, he steals two bases and, just for the novelty, steals his way back from second to first base.

April 10—New York Bugs win their seventh consecutive exhibition game, beating the Cleveland Indians. Otis O'Toole hits Bob Feller as if they are fellow lodge members. Manager "Blubberlips" Muirhead says that O'Toole is the "greatest rookie prospect since Tris Speaker."

April 15—Otis O'Toole is the sensation of the Grapefruit League. He is hitting .524 and the only time they can get him out is when the bell rings for dinner. Manager Muirhead proclaims: "O'Toole will be my regular centre-fielder when we open the season in New York."

April 17—New York Bugs open their home season. Just before the first ball is pitched, Manager Muirhead predicts that the Bugs will win the pennant and will go on to win the World Series. O'Toole goes hitless in the opening game and blames his defection on the New York water, which gives him stomach cramps.

April 25—O'Toole goes hitless in his sixth consecutive game. Privately he confesses that he is lonely for his girl friend, who is doing a slight stretch in the Kentucky Reformatory for shop-lifting. New York Bugs's front office arranges to have the girl friend pardoned and rushed to New York by plane. Press photographers record the affectionate reunion of Otis O'Toole and girl friend at LaGuardia Airport. Manager Muirhead predicts that O'Toole will regain his spring training batting form.

May 1—O'Toole has made only one hit—a bleeder past the shortstop. New York Bugs's management sends girl friend back to Kentucky Reformatory to complete her term. Manager Muirhead benches O'Toole who "has been under too much pressure."

May 7—Otis O'Toole is rushed to Polyclinic Hospital for emergency operation to remove large splinter from his right buttock.

May 15—Otis O'Toole is farmed out to the American Association "for further seasoning." Manager Muirhead emphasizes that O'Toole is on 24-hour recall and will return in time to help the Bugs win the pennant. Manager Muirhead predicts that O'Toole will be the sensation of the American Association and still insists that he is the greatest rookie since—well, er . . . Ted Williams.

May 30—New York Bugs are in seventh place and Manager "Blubberlips" Muirhead's ulcers are beginning to bubble. He cancels the order for the new mink coat.

June 3—Kansas City Blues of the American Association send Otis O'Toole to Binghampton of the Eastern League "for further seasoning." The manager of the Kansas City team explains the manoeuvre by saying that the Kansas City water gives O'Toole stomach cramps. He adds: "O'Toole is a great prospect and we haven't given up on him—no, sirreee!"

June 15—New York Bugs institute a policy of raffling automobiles to stimulate flagging attendance. The management also hires a flagpole-sitter to perch outside park and attract attention. Manager Muirhead says he won't shave his beard until the Bugs reach the first division.

July 1—New York Bugs tumble into last place. Says Manager Muirhead: "We'll still win the pennant. George Stallings and his Boston Braves were in last place on July 1 and won the pennant. We can do anything those Braves did, by gum!"

July 15—Binghampton trades Otis O'Toole to Bisbee of the Arizona-New Mexico League in return for a right-handed pitcher and a left-handed shortstop.

July 30—Manager "Blubberlips" Muirhead's beard is away down to here.

August 15—New York Bugs are struggling in the second division. At a press conference, reporters ask Manager Muirhead if he proposes to recall Otis O'Toole to help the club. Retorts Manager Muirhead: "Who the hell is O'Toole?"

August 17—The owner of the Bisbee Bees of the Arizona-New Mexico League trades Otis O'Toole to a neighboring farmer in return for an Aberdeen-Angus heifer, a covey of pigeons and three dozen eggs. (Grade B Smalls.)

September 1—Manager Muirhead of the New York Bugs is wearing his beard in a snood. He attempts to make several predictions but the words are muffled by the dense growth of facial foliage.

September 15—Manager Muirhead is sent away to a rest home. The management of the New York Bugs expresses full confidence in him and predicts that he will be re-signed to another contract. The official statement says: "He'll give us a hustling ball club—a fighting ball club."

(There is a slight pause here, for local station announcements, and to denote the passage of approximately six months.)

March 1, 1954—The New York Bugs assemble at their Florida training camp. Manager "Blubberlips" Muirhead gathers the reporters together and reports that his ulcers have healed rather nicely during the winter. Looking over his hirelings with obvious satisfaction, he predicts that the Bugs will have "a hustling ball club; a fighting ball club."

JIM COLEMAN

•

Are you worried about living too long—or not long enough? Many people are worried about one or the other. Some even about both.—*From an advertisement in the Shawinigan Standard.*

That's the old joie de vivre!

Business

High Taxes Threaten Economic Stability

TAXES are too high for the economic health of Canada. Finance Minister Abbott acknowledged this harsh reality in his last budget, when he eased dual taxation of dividends and the rate of corporate and personal income taxes. The budget contained a point that many missed: Mr. Abbott expects higher revenues and greater expenditures this fiscal year.

The accompanying chart of revenue and expenditure indicates the continuing upswing of government taxes and spending — a climb that has been under way steadily since 1949.

How big a slice corporate taxation takes of business earnings is shown in the annual statement of the Ford Motor Company of Canada. In 1952 the company sold $267,683,969 of products. In doing so, it earned $27,885,920 which, after taxes of $12,543,000, produced a net profit of $15,342,920 or 5.7 cents per sales dollar.

The tax collector shared almost dollar for dollar with the company and took two and a half times as much out of the business as the owners, the shareholders, drew in dividends which totalled $4,976,880. In relation to wages, which amounted to $52,376,067, taxes were one quarter of the wage bill.

This still does not tell the full tale of the taxes the company paid as the agent for its customers. Each car sold, on average, carried sales and excise taxes of $362. The costs of producing the car include municipal, customs and other assessments.

The price of component parts, purchased from suppliers in Canada and the U.S., contains all the corporate, sales and other taxes to which the suppliers were subject. Their purchases, in turn, from the steel mills, foundries and so on — also contain taxes. This could be carried out like a recurring decimal until we reached the last nut and bolt in the car. Then we could have the complete pyramid of taxes that grows upward and outward from the selling price.

It can be seen from this that taxes roll up the price of everything in the manner of a sticky snowball. And all of them, corporate and employee income taxes, excise and sales taxes, municipal and other taxes must be paid ultimately by the buyer of the product.

High prices, caused by the multiple layers of taxation in the cost structure of every product, have produced a number of weakening effects upon the economic system.

Combined with personal income taxes, they have forced more and more buyers to use instalment credit to obtain the things they want, and have helped to price many potential buyers out of the market.

They have also helped to push the break-even point of many industries closer to 100 per cent of capacity.

The Vice-President of Dun & Bradstreet, Roy Foulke, in his recent book, "Behind the Scenes of Business," stresses the fact that net profits, in many lines of business under the surveillance of his company, have been declining well below their five-year average and in many cases approach two per cent. This is reinforced by the National City Bank of New York survey of 1,788 leading U.S. manufacturing companies. They report net profits for the group averaged only 5.4 per cent for 1952.

A very slight decline in overall business activity could result not only in a sharp decline of business profits but also in sharply reduced corporate income tax payments that now take 47 per cent of corporate earnings.

Another factor caused by high taxation has been the discouraging of equity or stock investment in industry. Low dividend payouts are due to excessive taxation, and Mr. Abbott himself considers corporate taxation too high for in his last Budget Speech he said, "For some years I have expressed concern over the high level of taxes on corporate profits."

This has forced many companies to resort to debt or bond financing rather than equity financing for expansion. Bond financing has resulted in many companies assuming a top-heavy debt structure.

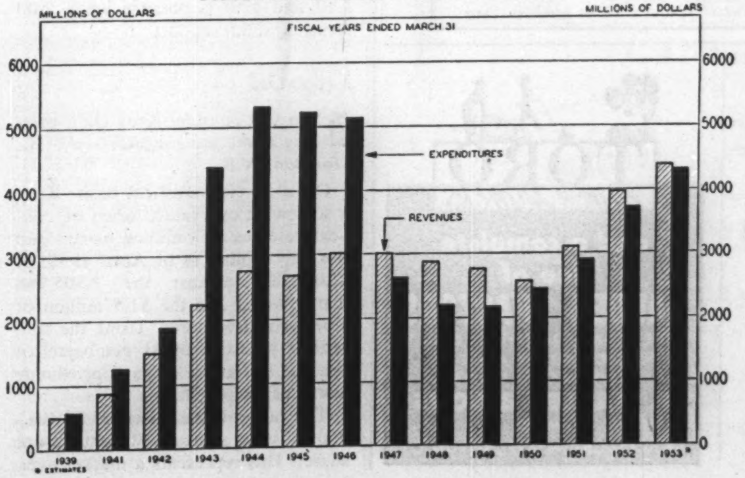
The danger of this is stressed by Mr. Foulke who states flatly in his advice to businessmen: "Beware of top heavy liabilities. Don't owe too much. The Government might be spending our grandchildren's money but business enterprises can hardly afford to follow such a naive example.

"The examination of thousands of balance sheets in all lines of activity, good times and poor, have led to the one conclusion that rarely, if ever, should the aggregate of funded liabilities exceed the net working capital. Such a relationship is invariably top heavy. With all of its own capital tied up in non-liquid assets, the business enterprise is then currently operating from day to day on borrowed capital. Interest and amortization become a burden, often too great to be carried in a world of fluctuating sales and constantly varying gross margins of profit. The importance of this fact, which relates almost exclusively to the larger concerns, cannot be overestimated."

A tax system that forces both customers and business to go heavily into debt is a cause for concern.

Those who blithely assume that "the government will do something" should a business recession develop, fail to understand that government revenues can fall far more rapidly than sales.

BUDGETARY REVENUES AND EXPENDITURES



Government expenditures cannot be increased out of declining revenues and pump priming by way of Public Works must be financed by the sale of Government securities at a time when business, banks and individuals are in no mood to invest.

The stock exchanges of this country have reflected this lack of interest in industrial shares. Since October, 1951, the Toronto Stock Exchange industrial index has receded some 54 points, and is now at a three-year low. In this interval, violently speculative movements have churned up all sorts of "prospect" issues as elusive capital gains are sought.

The money raised and expended for such speculative ventures rarely represents an important contribution to productive facilities.

Dr. J. Richards Petrie, in his book *The Taxation of Corporate Income in Canada*, has some scathing things to say about our hodgepodge tax system. In his view, with which we concur, taxation has been used as much as a political weapon for the redirection of the economy, according to the views of the planners of Ottawa, as it has been used for its primary purpose of raising revenue for the Government.

To quote Dr. Petrie: "It is a widely held view that taxation should be used deliberately to redistribute wealth and income. This is the familiar line of thought regarding tax equity and social justice. The standard argument on strictly economic grounds holds that if the national income flows into the hands of too few people, the resulting amount of savings will be greater than can be absorbed, thus leading to unbalance between savings and consumption and perpetual economic disequilibrium. He maintains that the distribution of wealth and income should be incidental to taxation rather than a fundamental objective to be written into the revenue raising program, lest both the golden egg and the goose be destroyed."

THESE Keynesian theories, born in a depression, die hard. If taxation and redistribution of wealth in the form of baby bonuses and old age pensions is carried beyond reasonable limits, we may get a working demonstration of the quotation that "the power to tax is the power to destroy," with taxation bringing economic activity to a halt by removing its incentive.

If, as seems likely, we are to be threatened with a surplus of goods, the economic law that higher prices tend to diminish sales and lower prices increase sales, must be observed. There is only one price that something can be sold at and that is the price someone is willing to pay. Some of the water of taxes can be squeezed out of prices. It must be, if sales volume is to be maintained, and without sales volume industry cannot maintain its narrow margin of profit—a margin that is as necessary to business life as oxygen is to human life.

As taxation has moved up, so has the cost of living and the cost of doing business. The squeeze on profit margins, resulting from the upthrust of cost and the downthrust of competition for sales, has put business in a vulnerable position. W. P. SNEAD

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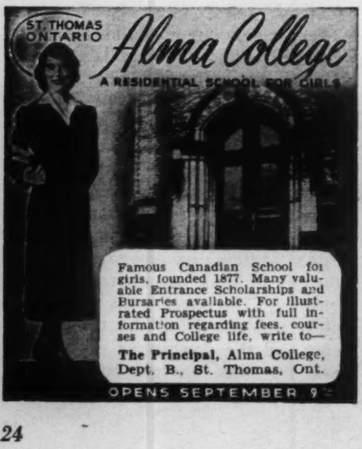

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Imperial Oil

I WOULD *appreciate your opinion on Imperial Oil as an investment for the next few years. Would it be worthwhile investing now?—P.G.G., Summerside, P.E.I.*

In my opinion Imperial Oil is not an attractive investment at the present price of 32. The rate of dividend return of 75 cents per share is not attractive. Since the high of 45 was recorded in 1951 the stock has been declining in a long term downtrend and analysis of the chart pattern indicates the downtrend could continue.

Because Imperial is the major Canadian oil company, its very long range prospects for continued growth are good, but the heavy demands on capital imposed by the expansion program of the past several years will continue to limit the funds available for dividends for quite some time.

The debentures of this company would seem to be a more attractive investment until the stock recedes to an indicated buying level of about 22.

Triad Oil

I AM *interested in western oil stocks. Would you consider Triad Oil a good investment here? I notice the stock is near a two-year low at $2.35.—T. E. R., Toronto.*

At last report Triad has cash and liquid assets of approximately $2.6 million and oil reserves of over 13 million barrels. This gives the 5.7 million shares issued an estimated value of 2.30 per share, using $1 per barrel as value for reserves.

On a total asset basis, the ratio of the assets of $14,764,508 to the issued shares is 2.40 to 1 share.

The reason for this low market valuation per share would seem to be the concentration of nearly 12 million barrels of reserves in the Redwater field, where many wells are on pump due to the loss of gas pressure.

The price action of the stock indicates a support level of considerable breadth has been developed above 2.00. Analysis of the chart pattern shows an advance with objectives of 3.10 and 4.50 is possible while 2.00 presents solid support.

Kroy Oil

Do you consider Kroy Oil a good buy at the present price?—J.O'N., Moncton, N.B.

On a purely statistical basis, Kroy is somewhat overvalued when we consider reserves of 3 million barrels and working capital, as of April 1952, of $1,092,000 against the 2,905,988 shares issued and the $1.5 million of 5 per cent debentures. Using the convenient yardstick of $1 per barrel of reserves, we arrive at an approximate worth of $1 per share.

The ratio of total assets of $2,401,950 to issued shares is 80 cents to one share. This represents a market overvaluation, at the present price of 1.68, or more than 2 to 1.

Market prices and action are only partly dictated by arbitrary valuations based on statistics. Market action of the stock shows it has met repeated support near 1.70. Analysis of the chart pattern indicates an advance to 2.60 and possibly 3.00 could develop against a retreat to 1.50. On this basis the stock appears to be a buy on weakness.

Central Leduc

Would you give me an opinion on Central Leduc Oils? Would you consider it a buy at the present price of $3.80?—T. G. C., Toronto.

Since the year-end recovery to 4.30, Central Leduc has moved in a 50-cent range between 3.50 and 4.00. The pattern indicates re-accumulation of the stock after the long decline from the high of 5.65 marked early last year.

This broad base, developed over the past three months, warrants the opinion that a swing to the 5.00-5.65 level is technically possible.

On the comparison of total assets of $3,341,952 to the 2,758,000 shares issued, such a move would overvalue the assets by a ratio of about 5 to 1. Twice total assets is about the normal low valuation for oil stocks. Thus at the present price it would appear that the stock is a reasonable speculation.

Signet Petroleums

A WHILE AGO *I was advised to invest in Signet Petroleums. At that time the price was around 25 cents. What is your opinion regarding Signet and what is the present price of the stock? — O. A. McD., Gimli, Man.*

Signet holds minority interests, mostly 10 per cent or less, in nine oil wells. Interests in property in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Montana vary from 6.3 to 33 per cent.

The company is capitalized at 3 million shares of which 1.8 million are outstanding. Minerva Mining Corporation, of Toronto, holds options on four blocks of 200,000 shares at 30, 35, 40 and 45 cents. The current price of 43-48 cents would seem to be the result of this marketing operation. At this price the stock does not appear to be an attractive speculation.

Western Homestead

I BOUGHT *Western Homestead Oils at $2.75. I would appreciate your opinion as to the possibility of the recovery of the stock to that price.—P. H., New Westminster, B.C.*

Western Homestead is presently selling at 1.39. With a deficit of $504,043 reported, and oil reserves of 1,819,000 barrels against a capitalization of 5 million shares, the stock would seem to be very speculative.

A new underwriting of 1 million

shares in February, when 200,000 shares were sold at $1.25 and 800,000 shares optioned on a scale from 1.25 to 2.00 per share, promises a marketing effort that should advance the price of the stock if the general market climate is favorable. Possibilities of an advance beyond the technical objective of 2.20 would seem limited.

Forty-Four Mines

CAN YOU *tell me anything about Forty-Four Mines? Are they in production? Are the shares worth buying?—L. L. D., Drumheller, Alberta.*

Forty-Four Mines are adjacent to and controlled by San Antonio Gold Mines, which hold 69 per cent of the stock.

As San Antonio has the status of a parent company, and has been a dividend payer since 1934, San Antonio would appear to be better for purchase. At the present price of 2, the stock is close to a 10-year low. At the current dividend rate of 5 cents, half yearly, it yields 5 per cent.

Milling is being maintained at the 550-ton rate and development in the Forty-Four property is expected to improve ore reserves, now estimated at 145,000 tons. Costs per ton were $6.38 against $5.67 in 1951. At the present price the shares would seem to be a reasonable investment in gold mining.

Insco Mines

I WOULD *appreciate some information on Insco Mines. Have there been any encouraging reports? Have the adjacent mines any interest in the property?—R. A. G. L., Wynnewood, Pa.*

No work has been done on this property for over a year. Despite an extensive drilling campaign, carried out from 1945 to 1951, no commercial ore body has been located on the property and it must be considered as dormant. No other company apparently has any interest in Insco.

Placer Development

WHAT, *in your opinion, is the reason for the very depressed price levels quoted for Placer Development Ltd., having in mind the very optimistic outlook which was accorded it not so long ago; and your assessment of its possibilities for the future?—A. M. B., Vancouver.*

Placer is an investment holding company that has concentrated on the exploitation of natural resources. Besides its holdings in gold dredging companies, it has three operating subsidiaries, Canadian Exploration Ltd., operating lead-zinc and tungsten mines in British Columbia, Coronet Oil which operates in Texas and Clutha Development Ltd., which is developing an open-cut coal mine in Australia.

Net profit from all these operations came to $484,182 in the last fiscal year ending April 1952.

At the current prices in Canada for lead and zinc, 12.25 and 10.75 cents, it is apparent that earnings from the British Columbia operations will depend upon tungsten output. The difficulties experienced with power supplies last winter are also a factor to be considered.

The oil operations of Coronet, while constructive in developing new reserves, are being hampered by the reductions in allowable production imposed by the surplus of oil supplies in Texas.

The Australian coal operation is still in the development phase and at last report only limited amounts of coal were being produced.

The gold operations show little change from previous years. The market picture is reflecting all of these uncertainties. The broad advance which lifted the price from its 1949 low of 13 to the 1951 high of 55¼ is being corrected by the extended decline to the recent low of 37. Even at this price the yield on the 1952 dividend of $1.75 is only 4.6 per cent.

Unless earnings and dividends increase considerably this makes the stock appear overvalued. Compared on a total asset per share basis, for example, with Hiram Walker, which pays $3 to yield 6.7 per cent at 45, total assets per share for Hiram Walker amount to $46.50 and for Placer $10.

To me the stock would appear to be a sale on a rally to 41-42 on any favorable news.

Foundation Company

I HOLD *some shares of the Foundation Company. I have been rather disappointed by the very narrow market action of this stock. What do you think of its prospects and do you advise selling it?—R. I. W., Montreal.*

Narrow action has been general in the Canadian industrial markets. We would not advise selling this stock at this time. The company has, by all reports, a rather full order book and is looking forward to a very busy year. The 60 cent dividend offers a fair return on your money at the present price of 13. Thus the stock appears to be a reasonable investment and holds promise of higher values.

In Brief

Do you consider Quemont between 17 and 18 a good investment? — F. J. S., Brantford, Ont.

Quemont does not appear attractive at this price.

What do you think of New Devon Petroleum as a speculation? It was up around 70 cents but has now fallen back to 43 cents—Mrs. F. M. L., Winnipeg.

New Devon, possessing some 1,400,000 barrels of reserves in the Leduc field and 1,650,000 barrels of reserves in the Marshall field, Saskatchewan, is a reasonable speculation at this price.

●

Subscribers requesting information from Gold & Dross are asked to limit their queries to one company. We cannot undertake to review lists of stocks.

W.P.S.

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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Dividend No. 263

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty cents per share upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Monday, the first day of June next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of April, 1953.

By order of the Board,
T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager.
Montreal, Que., April 14, 1953.

Ashley & Crippen

J. B. FRASER: Jobs for everyone.

Who's Who in Business

A SLIM, but flattering, personality analysis was placed upon the desk of John Beverley Fraser one day. It told him that he was well suited for his present occupation and that his intelligence, ability to organize and interest in human relations made him competent in his chosen work.

It was the type of report (but slightly better than average) that J. B. Fraser sees almost every day. As head of the firm of J. B. Fraser & Associates Limited, he has been responsible for placing many of Canada's top executives of today.

But although this particular analysis came without charge, it brought a change. The firm's full-time psychologist, in a dead-pan report, had told J.B. that, "as he is aware, he tends to limit himself by his attention to detail that he could well entrust to others". As a result of that comment, and even though the firm's business is still growing steadily, the 67-year-old president limits himself these days primarily to administrative duties.

The firm's two elegant offices in Toronto, plus a branch office in Montreal, a qualified staff and a roster of Canadian clients which reads like a blue book of industry, are a tribute to the care with which today's executives are chosen. The tireless John B. Fraser, a gray-haired, slender (5 ft. 9½ ins., 165 lbs.) man, is at least partly responsible for this situation; the executive, he says, now costs so much to produce and is so valuable to his company, that he is no longer expendable. His recipe for avoiding business strain is relaxation and a hobby.

Taking his own advice, he relaxes for half an hour each day after lunch, on a reclining chair in his office, and thrice weekly he indulges in the luxury of a steam bath and massage treatment. For hobbies he has golf, swimming and dancing and is still so proud of the pre-war hole-in-one he made at Thornhill Golf Club that he remembers the exact date — July 29, 1937.

Mr. Fraser was born in Woodstock, Ont., of Irish and Scottish ancestry and began work at the age of 14 as a $4-a-week office boy. Still in his 'teens, he was fascinated by the business of commercial art and photo engraving, and became a salesman for a Toronto company. Soon a Detroit firm admired his salesmanship and hired him at double the salary he was earning—then $25 per week. Before he was 30, he was made sales manager of the company's Ohio division with a salary of $7,500 per year.

He used salesmanship when he wanted to return to Canada. He launched a full-scale assault through the mail on a dozen Canadian firms and was soon placed with a newspaper group in Hamilton. It was while he was there that he realized that he had a flair for the type of job placement which was later to become a full-time career. He found jobs for several of his friends before starting his own company in 1936, the first of its type in Canada.

Today, J. B. Fraser & Associates provides two services, For a fee approaching 10 per cent of the first year's salary it will place an executive in a good job; alternatively, its staff psychologist will examine the execu-

HOME OIL COMPANY LIMITED

Notice of Annual and Special General Meetings of Shareholders.

Calgary, Alberta,
April 10th, 1953

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF HOME OIL COMPANY LIMITED:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Annual General Meeting of Home Oil Company Limited will be held in the Sun Parlor, Twelfth Floor, Palliser Hotel, 9th Avenue and 1st Street West, in the City of Calgary, in the Province of Alberta, on Thursday, the 30th day of April, A.D. 1953, at the hour of 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of receiving and passing the Report of the Directors and the Balance Sheet and Financial Statement for the financial year ending December 31, 1952; for the election of Directors and the appointment of an auditor for the ensuing year; for the purpose of ratifying and confirming the acts and deeds of the Directors up to the date of this meeting and for the transaction of such other business as may be properly brought before such meeting.

NOTICE IS ALSO GIVEN that a Special General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Company will be held in the Sun Parlor, Twelfth Floor, Palliser Hotel, 9th Avenue and 1st Street West, in the City of Calgary, in the Province of Alberta, on Thursday, the 30th day of April, A.D. 1953, at the hour of 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon or so soon thereafter as the aforesaid Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Company shall have been adjourned, at which the Shareholders will be asked to consider and, if thought fit, to confirm and sanction, subject to such amendments, alterations or additions, if any, as may be proposed at the meeting, the following By-laws namely:—

1. By-law No. 13 passed by the Directors on the 16th day of March, 1953, which repeals By-laws numbered 2,3,4,5,6,8,9,10, and 11 of the Company, being By-laws for the regulation of the affairs of the Company and amendments thereto, and enacts for the By-laws so repealed new regulations in replacement and substitution for those previously in effect.
2. By-law No. 14 passed by the Directors on the 23rd of March, 1953, providing for the increase of the maximum price or consideration for which the shares of the Company may be allotted and issued from the present amount of $10,000,000 to $20,000,000.

Copies of the said By-laws Nos. 13 and 14 are available for the inspection of the Shareholders at the office of the Registrar and all offices of the Transfer Agent of the Company.

NOTICE IS ALSO GIVEN that the Directors have fixed the close of business on April 9, 1953, as the record date for the determination of Shareholders entitled to notice of and to vote at the said Meetings.

By Order of the Board
J. W. HAMILTON,
Secretary.

SEA LEGS

Bracing salt air off the broad Atlantic puts new spring into your gait. You feel fit—ready to enjoy every minute of your stay in Atlantic City. There's diversion aplenty in and close by Hotel Dennis, where we'll do everything to make you feel at home. A great family hotel, with moderate rates.

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tive, providing a five-point report on characteristics, placement pattern, working relationships, potential adjustment and intellectual capacity. This report, known as a Thematic Apperception Testing, costs $125 per person.

After testing hundreds of Canadian executives, J.B. has concluded that the men who get the promotions are the men who know best how to get along with people. Possibly as proof of his theory, his son, John, a graduate of the University of Western Ontario Business Administration, has just been appointed general sales manager for Canada for the division of the paper company with which his father found him a job.

He was not able to do very much to help his daughters. As independent as their father, they placed themselves —by getting married.

John Wilcock

●

Canadian Trade Fair

Fully a month before the first exhibitor started to pitch his tent in Toronto's CNE grounds or the first British businessman had begun to plan his annual escape from austerity, the last square foot of space for the 1953 Canadian International Trade Fair had been booked.

And that, in a year when affluent executives are being enticed by counter-attractions across the Atlantic, is an achievement. It is good news for 35-year-old Charles C. Hoffman, the Fair's full-time administrator; better for the exhibitors themselves, who show and compare the wares of 30 countries; and best for the Canadian Government, which can expect to receive the usual rash of building applications from foreign visitors once the Fair has closed.

At least 40 firms, manufacturing such diverse items as hosepipes and scissors, diesel engines and artificial teeth have begun operations in this country as a direct result of former trade fairs.

In the opinion of the energetic Mr. Hoffman, the Fair is the best long-term investment the Government ever made. "Last year," he explains, "the whole bag of tricks cost perhaps $200,000. But the Government must have got it all back in taxes from the foreign firms that, as a result of the Fair, decided to build plants here."

Although the Fair is primarily a shop window by businessmen for businessmen, the public at large has also shown an enormous interest in the goods displayed.

Last year, there were 24,529 business visitors from 62 countries — including half a dozen from such Iron Curtain countries as Hungary and Czechoslovakia and a lone representative of South Korean industry—and this figure was almost trebled by the number of other interested spectators. This year, with more than a quarter of a million square feet of space, both indoors and outside, allocated to everything from new-style potato peelers to four-ton fire trucks, there will be plenty for the man in the street and his wife to see.

Business visitors and exhibitors find everything arranged for their convenience. The Fair has interpreters, trucking facilities, customs and other offices representing all applicable Government departments. "If somebody wants to import or export a product, he can completely dispense with many of the usual skeins of red tape and lengthy delays. All the information and assistance he needs are on the spot," says Mr. Hoffman. "It's a complete service, possibly the most complete service offered by any Fair in the world—and all laid on by the Canadian Government."

The year-round Trade Fair staff, which Mr. Hoffman heads, keeps a record of the reactions and comments made by exhibitors and together they present a remarkable tribute to the success of the only exhibition of its kind on this continent. Over and over again in these reports from Canadian and foreign newspapers is the statement that once having sampled the potential world-wide market open to their particular goods via the Trade Fair a firm cannot afford *not* to keep on exhibiting.

One of the finest tributes came from a Dutch cigar maker who wrote to say he had learned that the manufacturer must adapt his product to the market instead of trying to change the market to fit the product. "My company has been making cigars for 97 years," the Dutchman wrote, "but I can promise that in the next few months there'll be some changes made in manufacturing technique and merchandising ideas."

J. W.

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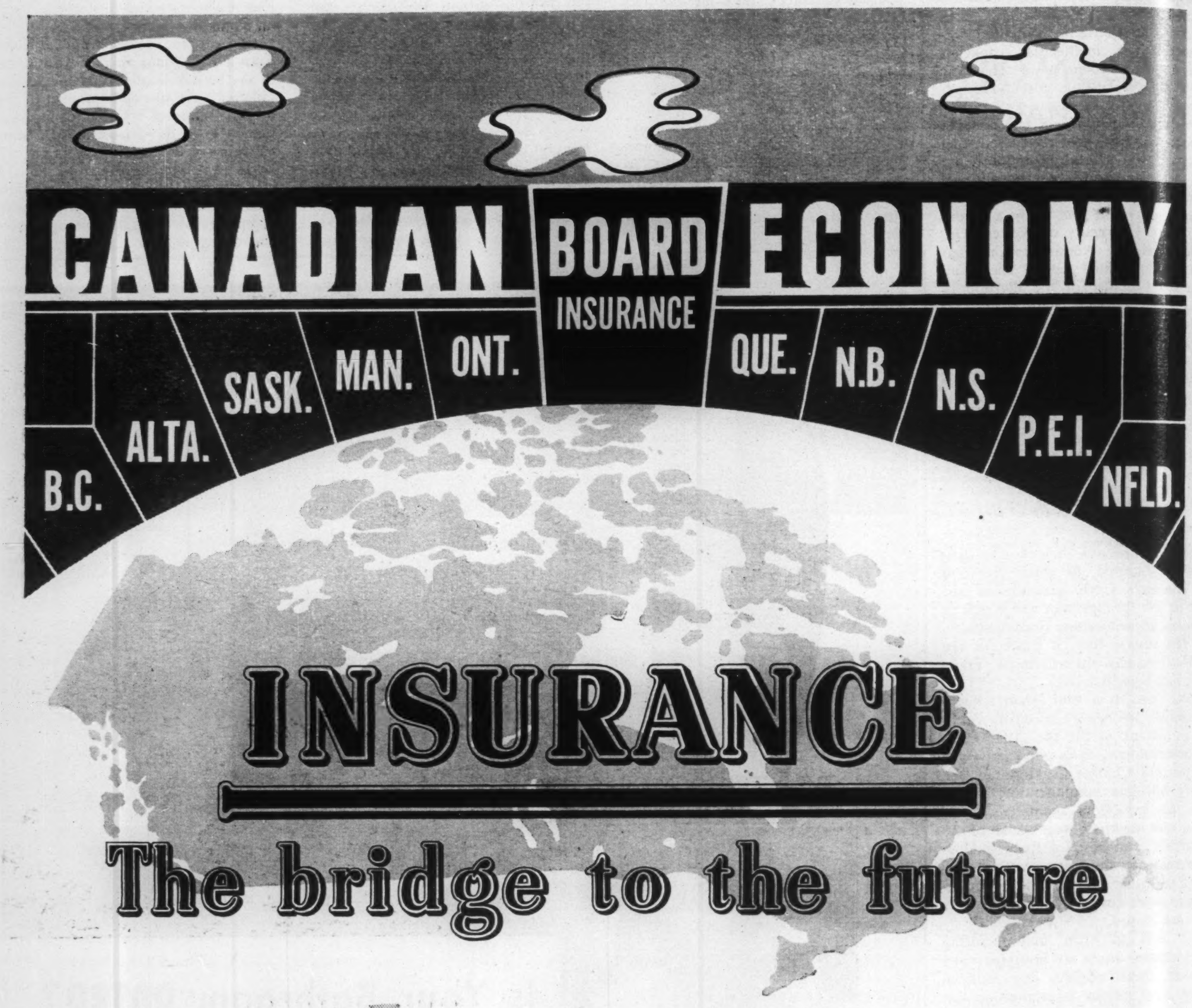
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THE DOG, one of man's three best friends, doesn't just eye a denuded bone and turn at once to more attractive concerns. A realistic creature, he grinds it down and gets the marrow out of it.

Fire and Casualty Insurance each year serves us a dish of bones of a truly forbidding aspect, in the form of company balance sheets.

This column has emphasized that an insurance company's annual statement receives the closest pre-natal attention from top Government specialists. Its public appearance, therefore, may be taken as evidence of health and the data involved may be assumed correct. But it is still a bone, and completely unsatisfying until the marrow is extracted.

Pre-requisite to the assessment of an insurance company's all-important "security ratio" is a clear understanding of the purpose for which certain funds on the "Liabilities" side of its statement are earmarked. Entries under "Assets" are self-explanatory, not peculiar to the insurance business and may, generally speaking, be taken "as read".

It will be observed that the liabilities of an insurance company first note certain "reserves", which are statutory: Reserve for Unpaid Losses; Reserve for Unearned Premiums; other reserve accounts for reinsurance, taxes, expenses, income tax. All these explain themselves except possibly the most important one—Unearned Premium Reserve.

The figure shown for Unearned Premium Reserve—UPR hereafter—is established by Government-approved formula to ensure that the public will be paid back every dollar of premium related to each current policy's unelapsed term, *should the insurance company be required to cancel every contract on its books at any given date.*

Thus, briefly, UPR is guarantee that a policyholder's premium is under proper trusteeship; that forced or voluntary liquidation of a company will not affect his pocketbook.

Further down the "Liabilities" column of a typical balance sheet—following all those statutory reserves and, as a rule, set aside from them—is the next series of significant figures.

The Paid-up Capital of a company, its Surplus and perhaps a General Reserve (the last being a *voluntarily* established fund rather than a statutory one), when added together provide the figure of Surplus for Protection of Policyholders—"SPP."

Some Mutual companies—but not all of them—have no capital structure, but that doesn't affect this design for a basic analysis of such a company's Security Ratio—"SR."

Now then, to establish an insurance company's SR, do a bit of simple arithmetic: add together its UPR and SPP, then divide the result by the same UPR figure.

Evolving an equation out of what has preceded:

$$SR = \frac{UPR + SPP}{UPR}$$

With the addition and long division worked out, any insurance company's "security ratio" will be apparent. It will be found that insurance companies offer financial preparedness that is more than a match for their liabilities to the public in respect of unearned premiums—in such ratios as $1.50:$1, $2:$1, $3.25:$1 or even $5 for every $1.

G. L. PRATT

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Business Books

SURVEY OF OILS—The Financial Post—pp. 360—$3.00.

The new handbook of western oils is one of the standard references for investors in Canada's oil industry. In the 1953 edition, just released, it declares a 50 per cent increase in oil production can be expected with the opening of new pipeline marketing facilities late this year.

Greater activity in western oil and the rapid extension of productive area is again reflected in the expansion of size of the 1953 Survey which reviews over 600 producing, refining and drilling companies within its 360 pages. The map section has been extensively revised and enlarged by over 30 per cent to show the extent of western oil activity.

THE TAXATION OF CORPORATE INCOME IN CANADA—J. Richards Petrie—pp. 380—*—University of Toronto Press—$7.00.*

This book discusses its subject in comprehensive fashion. Dr. Petrie makes a strong case for the abolition of dual taxation of corporate earnings.

Two taxes are levied on profits. Federal and Provincial governments impose income taxes on corporations and again tax the dividends received by shareholders as personal income. The effect of this taxation has been to make loan financing more attractive to companies than equity or share financing. Excessive debt in the form of bonds or debentures can become a difficult burden in times of business recession. And, this mode of financing makes it difficult for new and small enterprises to raise capital.

The author is critical of the experiments with depreciation allowances, which the Federal Government has used as a means of directing the course of the economy, and contends that taxation should be for revenue only and not a means of imposing forms of "planning" upon industry.

This book is a readable study of taxing practices and provides a standard work on the subject for business men and students. It should also be required reading for people who shout against "profits."

W. P. S.

FROM GRILLES TO GLASS

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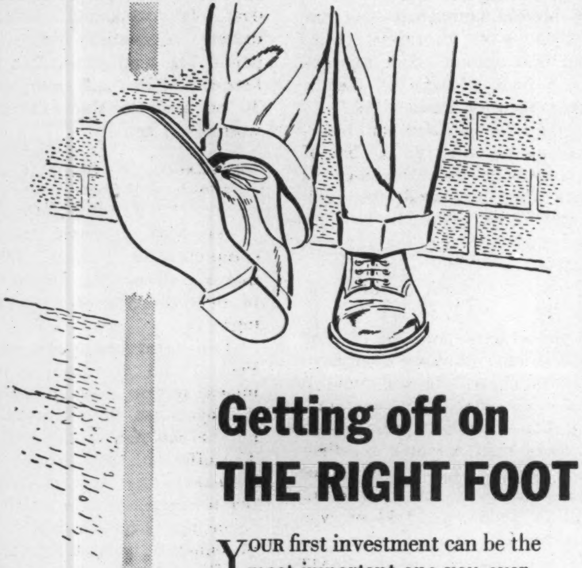

Getting off on
THE RIGHT FOOT

YOUR first investment can be the most important one you ever make. What you buy can mean future income, capital gain, more investments . . . or *it can mean loss!*

No matter how small your first investment, be sure to start off on the right foot by discussing your needs with McLeod, Young, Weir & Company.

If you consult us, we will give you the information you should have in order to buy the investment best suited to your individual requirements.

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Coronation
HIGHLIGHTS

The Queen's Orb

Gleaming of polished gold, encircled with pearls, rubies, sapphires and diamonds, this fabulous Orb is held by the Queen during part of the Coronation ceremonies.
Used on Coronation days since it was made for Mary, wife of William of Orange, the Queen's Orb will be a magnificent highlight of the coming Coronation.

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Bonds

What Price Convertibles?

"THESE DEBENTURES having been sold, this advertisement appears as a matter of record only." How often has an investor viewed this sentence with a skeptical look, particularly when it appeared above an issue of convertible debentures? How often has a call to the investment dealer confirmed that indeed the debentures were all gone and were selling at a premium over the issue price?

There are several reasons why the average investor is sometimes unable to purchase attractive convertible debentures at the issue price. Usually a convertible issue is much smaller than a normal issue, often being limited by the amount of extra common shares that can be issued by the company to take care of the conversion feature. Normally there is a heavy demand for those of the better known companies from investing institutions such as Insurance and Trust Companies. Quite often, a large amount of U.S. and foreign capital, on hand in Canada from a variety of sources, is seeking just such Canadian securities as convertible debentures.

The size of the issue, the investing institutions, and the foreign capital all work together to create a greater demand than there is supply available. In particular our neighbors to the south are quick to recognize the worth of our convertible debentures. U.S. investors generally are more conversant with such issues than we are, because such issues are comparatively new to Canada.

It is a natural reaction of the average Canadian investor, when he finds that the issue he is interested in is selling at a premium, to say, "Oh well, I have missed the boat on this one, I certainly won't buy it now it is at a premium." But has he missed the boat, and should he turn the debentures down just because they are selling at a little over the issue price? Undoubtedly some issues selling at a premium may be a better buy than others selling at a discount.

The real value of the common shares involved is an inherent factor in the valuation. For our purposes, however, the quoted market value is a reliable guide. We need discuss only the value of the convertible debenture in relation to the market price of the company's shares and in relation to its basic security as a debenture.

Let's take a look at two convertibles, both of the British American Oil Company Limited. The first issue, 3½% due August 1, 1961 is convertible into the equivalent of 54 shares of common stock for every $1,000 debenture, which works out to a price of $18.51 per share. At the time of writing this debenture can be bought at a price of $104½. That is, a buyer is paying 4½ points premium over the original issue price of $100, or $45.00 extra on each $1,000 debenture purchased. At a price of $104½, therefore, the buyer is paying slightly more than $18.51 for each share that can be obtained through the conversion privilege. The cost is arrived at by dividing 54 into the price of the debenture, i.e. $1,045.00. This gives an actual cost per share of $19.35.

At the time of writing the common shares are selling on the Exchange at a price including brokerage of $19.30 per share. In brief, although the investor is paying a premium to buy this B.A. 1961 issue, he can convert his debenture into shares until August 1 at approximately the same price as it would cost to buy the shares on the Exchange. Along with this conversion privilege he has the added safety of the debenture over the common shares.

Now let us review the other B.A. issue, 3½% due June 15, 1962. This one is convertible into the equivalent of 42 shares per $1,000 debenture, or at a price of $23.75 per share. [54 shares and 42 shares have been used to simplify calculations only, as B.A.'s differ from most convertibles in that a cash payment per share has to be made if conversion takes place before August 1, 1953 and June 15, 1953 respectively.] At the time of writing the debentures can be bought at $99½, at which price the cost per share is $23.69. With the price of the shares $19.30 on the market, the investor is in effect paying $4.39 extra per share for the privilege of owning the convertible.

In comparison, if an investor owned a debenture in each issue and converted each prior to the first conversion dates of June 15 and August 1, the cost of obtaining shares through the 1961 issue would be $4.34 less per share than through the 1962 issue. Therefore, on this basis, although he is paying $104½ for the 1961 issue, and only $99½ for the 1962, it is evident that the 1961 issue is much better value for the money.

In considering these debentures, the return on the investment has not been treated as an important factor, as it is felt that few investors would be buying B.A. convertibles primarily on a basis of income. For comparison, the yield on the 1961's is 2.87%, and on the 1962's 3.57%. The common shares at a price of $19.30 give a return on the investment of 2.59%.

On a basis similar to this one, further comparisons can be made to show the relative values of other convertible debentures selling either at premiums or discounts. These comparisons, of course, would not be restricted to issues of the same company, as in the case of B.A. Oil. We could, for example, compare the convertible debentures of Power Corporation of Canada selling at $117, with those of the Brazilian Traction Company selling at $91. Such a comparison might show the former to be better value in spite of the premium price.

J. ROSS OBORNE

Women

Ken Bell

JOAN HALL, of Winnipeg, winner of Singing Stars scholarship.

Conversation Pieces:

WINNIPEG, the home-town of three of the eight winners of CIL *Singing Stars of Tomorrow* scholarships—Joan Hall, who won the $1,000 top award for women, Yolanda DiPaolo and William Goertzen, with $100 honorable mentions . . . acceptance by the Governor-General of the invitation to the Dominion Drama Festival, in Victoria, to present the new Calvert Trophy and $1,000 prize money to the winning players . . . the new public relations job with a chemical company for Montrealer Madeleine Levason, Quebec Vice-President of the Canadian Women's Press Club . . . the election of Mrs. Margaret O'Brien of Peterborough as President of the Federation of Catholic Parent Teacher Associations of Ontario . . . the news that two more U.S. movies are to be made in Canada — one of them certain to lead to geographical confusion, with the title *Saskatchewan* and the locale Banff; and the other, based on the historic Quebec Conference of 1944, to be filmed, naturally, in Quebec City . . . the Montreal marriage of Mrs. Marcelle Lachapelle Fletcher and Lt.-Col. B. C. Hutchison, ED, honorary Lieutenant-Colonel of the 17th Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars . . . **CONVERSATION PIECES:** Mrs. Anne Germaniuk, of Edmonton, first woman to win the Alberta open archery title . . . the bulky luggage that will accompany Mayor and Mrs. Fred Hume of Vancouver to the Coronation, with the inclusion of the city's $5,000, 14-karat gold chain of office (weight 2½ pounds) and the $800 velvet robe, both of which His Honor will wear at the Abbey ceremony . . . . the Toronto engagement of the Metropolitan Opera Company coinciding with the run of the New Play Society's annual *Spring Thaw* review, and giving the latter's Anna Russell an immediate target for her vocal satires . . . the medieval belief that thinning hair could be prevented by powdering the scalp with parsley three times a year . . . use of the word "homogenization" to describe over-standardization of education, by BC's Minister of Education, Mrs. Tilly Rolston, who warned teachers that such education would cast children's minds all in the same mould and "unwittingly prepare the way for dictatorship". . . . **CONVERSATION PIECES:** the season of scholarship awards, with the National Research Council of Canada's $900 scholarship going to Marjorie Ann Myers, of Saint John, a '52 biology graduate of the University of New Brunswick; the Canadian Federation of University Women's $1,500 travelling scholarship to Emily Marie Spence, of Edmonton, a '50 classics graduate of the University of Alberta; and five scholarships to be offered to women students at McGill in memory of distinguished women graduates of that university . . . wedding of Mrs. Rae Fraser Rowan, of Toronto, and Sir John Imrie, of Edinburgh, Scotland . . . the third annual speech competition, called "The Actor Competes", sponsored by the Winnipeg Drama League . . . the first home appearance as a professional of Ottawa's skating star, Jane Kirby, after almost a year on tour with the Ice Cycles . . . the popularity of *Dark of the Moon*, performed "in the round" by Totem Theatre in Vancouver; and "straight" by the London Little Theatre, to win a place in the finals of the Dominion Drama Festival . . . wedding of Elizabeth Anne Goodday, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. R. L. H. Goodday of Bedford, NS, and Walter Hyde Mitham of Westmount, Que.

JOAN RIGBY

104

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Lighthouse-Keeping: Eight Years Later

By EVELYN RICHARDSON

ON OUR annual visits, home-town friends greet my husband Morrill and me with an incredulous, "You're still on that island?" They mean, "You haven't yet found a way to escape?" and imply, "You can't really be trying!" We're not.

Though these friends remain puzzled by our contentment with our lighthouse life, they assure me they enjoyed *We Keep a Light*, in which I described the first 15 tremendously busy, and equally happy, years on Bon Portage, when Morrill and I, with our three children (and the occasional hired man) were the island's only inhabitants.

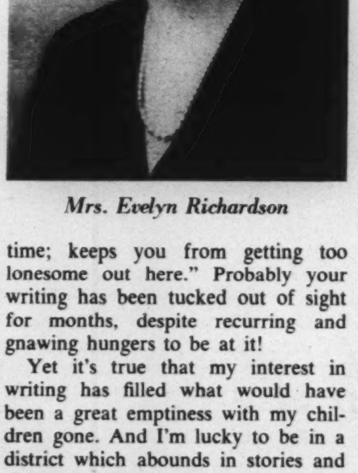
Our life here has been amazingly modified in the eight years since I gaily dashed off the story of lighthouse-keeping on our 600-acre island off the Nova Scotia coast. The publication of my book immediately brought new friends, broader and deeper interests, more sharing of our island and our home. The passing years bring inevitable gains and losses to families, wherever they may live, and even while I was writing *We Keep A Light* I recognized that the rhythm of the early years, of small children and initial struggles, was due to be disrupted. The sudden loss of our 18-year-old son swept us beyond our depth for a time. We considered, briefly, making a new life on the mainland; but reasons mounted for carrying on where we were, and Bon Portage has repaid our loyalty.

NOW our older daughter is married; has two boys who delight to visit "grandpa's lighthouse"; our younger girl likes her secretarial work. Both are near enough for frequent visits home during fine weather, but mostly Morrill and I are alone on the island, except for the assistant keeper who makes his home with us.

I'm not a writer who happens to live in a lighthouse; I'm a lightkeeper's wife who happens to write when, and if, she can find time. The most prevalent misunderstanding about living on an island, away from the distractions of town or city life, is that it automatically provides many free hours for writing. Well, I was seven years completing my novel *Desired Haven*, which is just out. And I used every minute I could snatch for it. Island life is grand in many ways, but other demands have crowded in to claim the hours now freed from teaching my children.

Then, too, a lighthouse is open to public inspection. The three miles of open water and the smelly fishing-boats deter many would-be visitors, but our guest book shows around 200 names each summer.

Visitors are part of keeping a light —and a pleasant part, don't misunderstand me. But, try keeping your house presentable, with the only entrance through your kitchen and every room visible on the way to the lantern, the focal spot of interest; get meals for yourself and two hard-working men; entertain house guests (and if your friends see you at all, they must come for at least an overnight visit); show your share of the 200 visitors (never more than three at a time, is the regulation) up three flights of stairs to the lantern, to the engine-house and fog-horn; *then* watch your smile for sincerity when some innocent soul remarks a trifle pityingly, "I suppose your writing gives you something to fill in your time; keeps you from getting too lonesome out here." Probably your writing has been tucked out of sight for months, despite recurring and gnawing hungers to be at it!



Mrs. Evelyn Richardson

Yet it's true that my interest in writing has filled what would have been a great emptiness with my children gone. And I'm lucky to be in a district which abounds in stories and characters fairly crying to be reproduced. *Desired Haven*, and my plans for its sequel, grew out of the traditions and lives of southwestern Nova Scotia.

The postwar years in Canada have brought many changes to the station. In 1946, the Department of Transport (under which Canadian lighthouses function) began the installation of radio-telephones, and we had one of the first. Soon after, the old kerosene lamps with their polished reflectors were replaced by an electric flash enclosed by a powerful lens, and the dwelling was wired for electricity—but I had to rearrange my time-table to take advantage of the current, which is only on at night. Then in 1949, in answer to repeated petitions by local fishermen, Bon Portage was given an automatic fog-alarm.

No doubt the fishermen would vote the fog-whistle the greatest boon but we, as keepers, give first place to the radio-telephone, which does away with the uncertainties of the former signals by flag or fire, shotgun or hand-horn. Twice a day, at 8 a.m. and 4 p.m., we tune in to VAU, Yarmouth Direction Finding Station, the control station for eight lighthouses along this stretch of coast. At these times we can send, and receive, ordinary messages. In an emergency, we can call its control station at any hour of the day or night.

THE NEW engine-house, sitting slightly to seaward of lighthouse, is the pride of Morrill's heart; it houses the two engines which give us our electricity and the two which operate the fog-alarm. The horn itself, ridiculously small for the volume of noise it produces, points out to sea from the roof's peak. When fog or snow or rain shuts out the flashes of the Seal Island Light to the westward, or Cape Sable Light to the east, or in daylight blots out the islands themselves, then the Bon Portage horn begins its lonesome wails—purest music, I'm told, to a fishing-boat running in blind from the offshore fishing-grounds.

Morrill's work about our small farm has also become increasingly mechanized. Bright, the patient ox, has been replaced by a tractor; the hand scythes and rakes and the long days in the hayfield are no more; a mowing machine and a silo make quick work of our small cut of grass.

Bon Portage Island itself has altered, becoming appreciably more bleak and battered during our 24 years here. Two summers ago the Department was forced to install a cribbing of heavy logs and rocks in front of the lighthouse, to halt erosion by waves. Whole thickets of spruce have been carried away or killed by salt winds; at one place the road to the boat-house is swept by breakers each time a storm swells the full tides. The picture is much the same all along the island's six-mile shoreline.

THE ISLAND alters, steadily if slowly, but the constant sea still charms or frightens us as deeply as it did at first. Inland, I now find myself craning to look over the buildings, trees or hills, to rest my eyes on its flat sapphire reaches, or its peaked green and white confusion, as it runs from the lighthouse point to meet the horizon.

The lighthouse continues to defy the raking easterlies, the howling nor-westers; it grows shabbier and draughtier with each winter, but it remains (as our children used to croon on sighting it after an absence) "home".

Food

It is as difficult to find a really poor meal in Paris as it is to find a really good one in all but a few Canadian cities.

Of the 8,000-odd restaurants in Paris, there are five in a class by themselves: the Café de Paris, at 41 avenue de l'Opéra, where the cooking is superb and where dinner, with one of the restaurant's vintage wines, will cost at least 2,000 francs; the Tour d'Argent, at 15 quai de la Tournelle (Latin Quarter), a roof-top restaurant looking out on the spires of Notre Dame where dinner will cost you from 2,000 to 3,000 francs or more; the Laperouse, at 51 quai des Grands-Augustins, where prices are not quite so high but the food is marvelous; Lucas Carton, at 9 place de la Madeleine, a fashionable and expensive house of great dignity; and the Ritz, at 15 Place Vendôme, where there is a beautiful garden for outdoor lunching, and prices vary from 1,500 to 2,500 francs. (1,000 francs is about $2.84.)

There are many other famous restaurants, of course. Maxim's, at 3 rue Royale, which still retains its Merry Widow atmosphere; le Grand Vefour, 17 rue Beaujolais, in the Palais Royal, once the haunt of great writers and artists and still patronized by the aging Colette; Chez Francis, 7 place de l'Alma, a restaurant that has gained considerably in repute since the production of the play, "The Madwoman of Chaillot"—the entire first act takes place on the terrace of the Chez Francis, where the madwoman is said to have held court; Fouquet's, 99 avenue des Champs Elysées, favored by movie stars, directors and producers; Restaurant Drouant, 18 rue Gaillon, a gourmet's paradise; Chez l'Ami Louis, 32 rue Vert-Bois, famous for its frog's legs; the Eiffel Tower Restaurant, which boasts the highest wine "cellar" in the world; the Rotisserie Perigourdine, 2 place Saint-Michel, sometimes called "the Temple of Gourmets"; l'Escargot, at 38 rue Montorgueil, noted for its fish specialties; the George V, 31 avenue George V, which has a particularly good bar.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

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Where There's a Will—

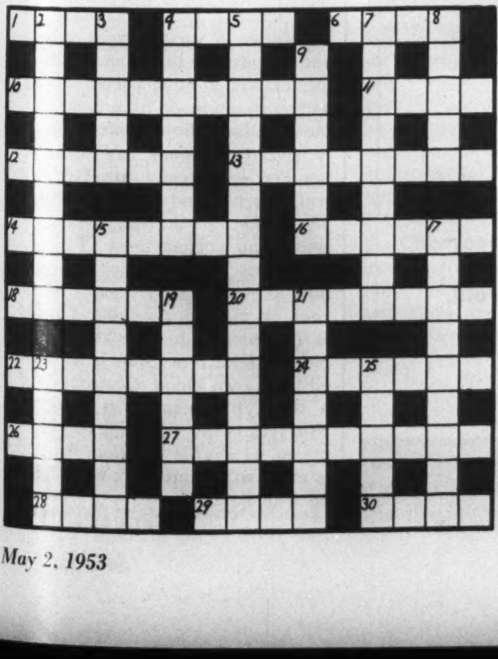
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. See 4 across
4, 1, 6. One of the mis-leading lights. (4-1-3-4)
4, 8. Shakespeare's might? (4-5)
10. There's a tribe at the tie sale, sir! (10)
11. The state of the union of Ohio and Washington. (4)
12. Hunger striker who always had gin to pull him together. (6)
13. One may have eyes to see, yet not see this at the oculist's. (3, 5)
14. Kingston and Dartmoor, for instance. (3-5)
16. Two periods of late years? (6)
18. Decidedly not a popular brand. (6)
20. I am leaving 4 down with nothing to pay. (8)
22. Not an unwilling person! (8)
24. Little man, what now? Eating too fast? (6)
26. I'm an ancient weight. (4)
27. Commands not issued at the front? (4, 6)
28. See 4 down
29. Indians like suet, it seems. (4)
30. It appears the U.S. gets extremely dark even about this time. (4)

DOWN

2. Will try it out early in the day about ten. (9)
3. This animal is no good away from England. (5)
4. 28. Bill, let the cat out of the bag! (7, 4)
5. You will, no doubt, be indebted to the senders of these. (7, 2, 6)
7. It's not the "drys" who rise to a nation's whisky. (5, 4)
8. See 4 across
9. How to attain the level of those who have risen in the world? (6)
15. A tumble out of bed in the dark? (9)
17. A lad, girls, can lead you a merry old dance or two. (9)
19. A Royal Academician stands on his head to start his profession. (6)
21. These drinks take a lot of beating. (7)
23. Initially delirium tremens needs ice to straighten it out, so order it. (5)
25. Do go to bed! But make it up first. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Standing order
10. Pigment
11. Bristle
12. Ear trumpets
15. Ire
16. Sun spots
18. Entail
20. Candid
21. Bloomers
24. Run
25. Thermometer
27. Moisten
29. Unmanly
31. Dyed in the wool

DOWN

2. Tiger
3. Née
4. Intimate
5. Goblet
6. Roi
7. Extricate
8. Speeds
9. Repeal
13. Reprint
14. Sunroom
17. Nonentity
19. Plymouth
20. Chrome
22. Sprays
23. Pennon
26. Tango
28. Ted
30. Mow

(259)

Elizabeth Arden

Eight Hour Cream

Works wonders on chapped lips, blemishes, minor burns, abrasions

Tube or jar

1.65

Astonishing how many skin irritations this gentle beauty salve can help! Chapped lips are soothed, minor burns...sunburn, windburn, cold sores and dried crushed lips are eased instantly. Teenager's blemishes...a child's scratches...spots on the skin...even dry hair and scalp respond like magic to wonder-working Eight Hour Cream.

Elizabeth Arden

SIMPSON'S, TORONTO

And At Smartest Shops In Every Town

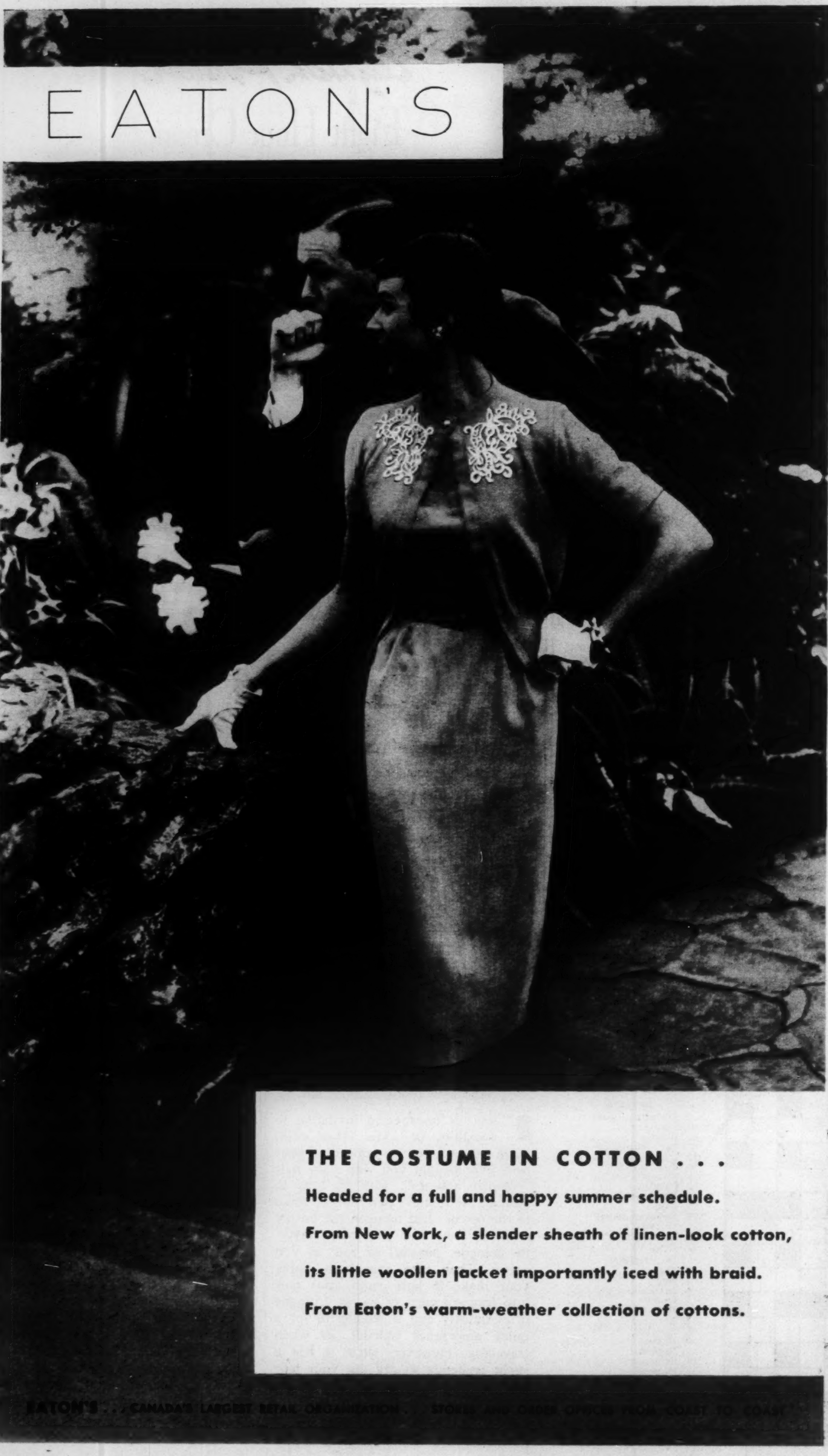
Beauty

Has an unexpected invitation to cocktails, or some other event when you wanted to appear at your best, ever caught you with your hair "between settings", with no time to remedy the matter? Let cologne come to the rescue. Just dampen the unruly ends of your hair with your favorite cologne, pin-curl or roll, as you prefer. Then take your bath, apply your make-up and comb your hair into fragrant curls or waves. Cologne dries quickly and is wonderful for a quick emergency hair-set, or when travelling. However, since it has a slight tendency to dry out your hair due to its volatile content, do not use it to replace your regular hair-set.

And of course, you know that a cologne rub-down after your bath can work refreshing wonders. You can be lavish with the cologne too; it has much less scent strength than perfume and so is not overpowering. You might also try a few drops in the rinse after washing your lingerie. It will provide a pleasant lingering scent.

Eau de cologne was first concocted by a physician, Paul Feminis, an Italian who lived in Cologne before 1700. He realized how effective citrus oils were for toning and picking up the system. But citrus fruits—and their oils—were difficult to get in that day and age. He added alcohol to "extend" the oil, and cologne was born. Later fragrance was added. Today you can buy your cologne in liquid or solid form.

EATON'S



THE COSTUME IN COTTON . . .

Headed for a full and happy summer schedule.

From New York, a slender sheath of linen-look cotton,

its little woollen jacket importantly iced with braid.

From Eaton's warm-weather collection of cottons.

EATON'S . . . CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION . . . STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

The "atmosphere" restaurants are on the Left Bank. In Montparnasse, for instance, there is a very famous café, the Rotonde Montparnasse. A la Grenouille, 28 rue des Grands-Augustins, is famous because its owner has an amusing habit of "shoving the customers around." The specialty of this place is frog's legs. La Coupole, 102 boulevard du Montparnasse, is an old Left Bank standby.

In Montmartre the most expensive restaurant, and one of the best in Paris, is A la Bonne Franquette, 18 rue Saint-Rustique. It is run by red-headed Madame Adrienne who, for favored guests, cooks her specialties—veal kidneys and frog's legs—herself. Nearby, at 4 rue des Saules, is the Lapin Agile, its walls covered with paintings by famous artists, where you'll hear the best in French folk music. At Patachou, 15 rue du Mont-Cenis, you have to join in the singing or run the risk of having your tie cut off.

There are many hundreds of smaller restaurants, bars, *bistros* and *brasseries* at which good food is served for 600 francs or less. At the Restaurant des Beaux Arts, rue Napoleon, for instance, you can eat excellent rump steak for 300 francs; Valentin, 19 rue Marbeuf, near the Ecole Militaire, serves a delicious meal for 350 francs; le Catalan, 16 rue des Grands-Augustins, has fine dinners for from 500 to 600 francs.

Also, do not forget that after you have made the round of the night clubs or parties, it is the custom to end up at the famous market Les Halles, which Zola called "the belly of Paris." All around Les Halles are restaurants catering to robust appetites. Here you will find wonderful onion soup, grilled pig's feet, and thick, juicy steaks. Among the most famous of these middle-of-the-night eating places are Le Cochon d'Or, 31 rue du Jour; Au Pied de Cochon, 6 rue Coquilliere; Aux Mareyeurs, 98 rue Rambuteau and Au Père Tranquille, 16 rue Pierre-Lescot. After your onion soup you can wander around the stalls and buy flowers for practically nothing.

Here are a few suggestions for French specialties: *foie gras,* either from Perigord or from Strasbourg. *Escargots* are snails, cooked in parsleyed butter—and delicious. If you like seafood, a favorite French order is a *panaché,* which will bring you a big platter of various types of oysters and clams, shrimps and miniature lobsters called *langoustines. Bisque* is a cream soup made from crawfish and other seafood. *Bouillabaisse* is a highly spiced Provence fish soup. *Grenouilles provençales* are frog's legs with garlic and parsley. *Homard Thermidor* is broiled lobster with spices and cognac sauce. Turkey, in France, is usually stuffed with chestnuts, or served with a *purée de marrons* or mashed chestnuts. *Canard à la rouennaise* is duck cooked in its own blood. *Lièvre à la royale* is hare cooked in its own blood. *Chateaubriand* is a thick, filet steak. For dessert try pancakes with tangerine or orange cream, or *soufflé aux liqueurs,* which is made with beaten egg whites flavored with liqueurs.

KATHLEEN STRANGE

Lighter Side

The Shadow of Mr. King

MR. MACKENZIE KING was once asked why the Canadian people appeared to prefer a certain lack of color in its public figures; and Mr. King, a statesman who always kept his ear close to the village green, answered mildly, "Who is the most colorful character in any Canadian small town? The village drunk."

It was natural to Mr. King to throw his answer into the roundabout or syllogistic form: the village drunk is a colorful character; drinking is deplorable; therefore color is deplorable. The logic of this may be open to question, but the companion-syllogism is a little harder to refute. Mr. King was vague and colorless by avocation as much as by nature; the Canadian people continued to elect Mr. King Prime Minister for the best part of a generation; therefore the Canadian people prefer their statesmen to be vague and colorless.

To clinch his argument, Mackenzie King could point to Ontario's Mitchell Hepburn, whose colorful political career came to an end when he challenged the supremacy of colorless Mackenzie King.

Fortunately, it is possible to argue that it was "Mitch" Hepburn's lack of political astuteness rather than his personal flamboyancy that brought him to grief; just as it was Mackenzie King's political acumen, rather than his lack of color that kept him afloat for half a century. (Nobody has been able to claim that Mr. King was ever the darling of the Canadian people.)

It is true, however, that our Canadian public men are rarely spectacular. They live quietly with their wives and families. They rarely make controversial speeches. They don't wear funny hats. If they have personal ecentricities, they regard them as a private matter. When they appear in the newsreels it is invariably to make public announcements, on the advisability of conserving health, subscribing to loans, supporting charities or posting Christmas parcels early. They never appear in ten-gallon hats, or in international conventions with an arm around the waist of Miss Niagara Peach.

At the same time, there are beginning to be signs that our public figures are emerging a little from the grey shadow cast by Mr. Mackenzie King.

For instance, two of our cabinet ministers allowed themselves to be listed among Canada's Ten Best Dressed Men. The Honorable Lester Pearson appeared in a twinkling bow-tie. The Honorable Paul Martin was photographed in a new tailleur, a hand significantly spread over the spot from which he had recently lost 40 pounds.

Quite a number of sober Canadians were disturbed by this innovation, and particularly upset by the picture of Mr. Paul Martin. It is true that Mr. Martin is Minister of Health, and that it is both a sensible health measure to lose 40 pounds and a sound policy to publicize it as widely as possible. But Mr. Martin's critics didn't see it that way. They frown on a Canadian Cabinet Minister emerging — at full length, and looking quite humanly pleased with himself — from the grey northern twilight in which Canadian public figures are supposed to move, unrecognizing and as far as possible unrecognized.

Conservative Canadians still distrust informal public appearances of this sort, which they regard as "American" and colorful in the special derogatory sense of the word.

There are plenty of colorful Canadians in private life. They hold violent and often unpopular opinions and are always willing to be interviewed about them. They are highly articulate and enjoy being quoted. They like being photographed. Sometimes, however, they enter public life, and when they do they have an odd tendency to stiffen and contract. They grow cautious and give out prepared statements instead of off-the-cuff opinions. They adopt the rational attitude that it is hardly worth while to combat the irrational attitudes of other people. They no longer shock the public and retail trade by attacking the Santa Claus legend at Christmas time. They are finally, irrevocably and admirably colorless.

Happily the public picture isn't entirely bleak. There is Mr. Pearson with his bow-tie and Mr. Martin with his new public figure, and in addition there are our irrepressible Mayors — Mayor Lamport of Toronto, Mayor Charlotte Whitton of Ottawa and Mayor Houde of Montreal.

Mayor Lamport's color is in the American or La Guardia tradition. But the colorful personalities of Mayor Whitton and Mayor Houde are indigenous and guaranteed not to fade, so that even the bleaching upper air of national politics could hardly affect them. If our public scene appears rather dull to outsiders, we can always point to Mayor Houde skimming on his skates over a Montreal pond, his stocking cap afloat behind him, or to Mayor Whitton in her $1,500 Coronation regalia, the gift of the City of Ottawa—floor length scarlet silk, trimmed with miniver, black satin and gold lace, with lace jabot and official tricorne hat.

Nothing colorless about that!

MARY LOWREY ROSS

•

TWO adjacent double burials, Montreal Memorial Park. Owner leaving town.—OR. 1-6639.—Advertisement in the *Montreal Gazette.*

For a healthier climate?

Now! Young Male High School Graduates

CAN GO TO COLLEGE AND AT THE SAME TIME WIN THE QUEEN'S COMMISSION

High school graduates may now obtain a college education and at the same time win the Queen's Commission in the Royal Canadian Navy, the Canadian Army, or the Royal Canadian Air Force, under the Regular Officer Training Plan.

Students may be selected to attend Royal Military College, Royal Roads, Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean or designated universities.

Under the R.O.T.P. students receive generous financial assistance from the government throughout their academic careers.

Students who take advantage of this plan are required after graduation to spend the minimum of three years as commissioned officers in the service of their choice.

QUALIFICATIONS

Students must have obtained Senior Matriculation or equivalent and be accepted for entry to university (Junior Matriculation for entrance to Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean).

Applicants must:

- **Be single.**
- **Be physically fit.**
- **Be able to meet officer selection standards.**
- **Have reached their 16th but not their 21st birthday on January 1st, 1953. (16th but not 20th for Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean).**

FINANCIAL CONDITIONS

The Department of National Defence will pay for the cost of books, instruments, tuition and other necessary fees. During the entire college course, food and lodging or a subsistence allowance will be provided. Under the plan students will receive $30.00 a month for the first academic term and will be required to save from summer earnings to pay for incidentals during the second and subsequent years.

During summer training periods they may earn up to $680.00 with food and lodging provided.

They will also receive free medical and dental care, annual leave, plus uniforms and equipment required for military duty.

Applications for admission should be made before July 1st, 1953.

WRITE FOR APPLICATION FORMS NOW

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The Backward Glance

◆

10 Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

THE WAR was on the upswing as SATURDAY NIGHT went to press for its issue of May 1, 1943. The British Eighth Army had driven the Afrika Corps into a corner of Tunisia, and now, joined by the British First Army, and the Americans and French, they were poised for the final push that was to throw the Germans out of Africa.

The Front Page discussed the remaking of Europe in its opening item, listing the quarrels breaking out between Russia and Poland, De Gaulle and Giraud, and the disaffections of Finland and Spain with the Axis. May 2, 1943, had been set aside as "a day of compassion for the Jews", and SATURDAY NIGHT called it ironic to hold a day of compassion while our immigration laws made it impossible to admit the Jewish victims of Nazi persecution to this country.

Leslie M. Frost, an opposition member of the Ontario Legislature (SATURDAY NIGHT called him "one of the ablest and most active of the Conservative representation"), defended the position of the Ontario Conservative party in acceding to the proposal for extending the term of the Legislature in 1942, and opposing it in 1943.

An item headed "A Fantastic Nation" said, "In the year 1901 slightly more than one-fifth of all the persons still living who had been born in Canada were resident, not in Canada, but in the United States." It went on to say that in 1910 there were 549 Canadian-born authors, editors and reporters in the U.S., 2,908 clergymen, and 334 undertakers. The 1931 figures showed that there were 1,278,421 native Canadians then living in the United States.

The advertisements were as warlike as the editorial contents, with Ford showing an artillery gun crew going into action from some of its Field Artillery Tractors, and International Harvester illustrating its ad with a drawing showing troops firing on enemy planes from some of its Half-Track vehicles. Many advertisers used their space to push the sale of Victory Bonds, and the Bank of Nova Scotia showed a German bomber being shot down in flames to illustrate the idea. Elizabeth Arden pictured a very attractive WREN officer over the "Buy Victory Bonds" catch line, and Canadian Industries Ltd. advertised nylon monofilament brush bristles as "something to look forward to after the war."

The T. Eaton Co. ad featured the bolero suit as "the best short story of 1943". The model in the illustration wears a very short skirt, in the mode of that year, and looked vaguely familiar. We wondered where we'd seen her before, and finally it hit us: She was the counterpart of a thousand young war brides whose snapshots we'd glanced at, with suitable favorable comment, during the war. Personally, we believe that Christian Dior did the world a favor when he lengthened women's skirts, and the short wartime dresses look almost as goofy to us today as the strange hemline of the prohibition era.

Julian Huxley stepped out of his role of biologist and accurately foretold some of the changes in the British way of life in an article entitled, "How The War Is Changing Britain For The Better." The Ottawa Letter covered such topics as the U.S. Government's tough attitude towards labor, Donald Gordon's price ceilings, and the beer shortage. This latter calamity came about through a decree of Mackenzie King's cutting the malt supply to the breweries by 10 per cent. Not content with this restriction, the Government was considering spreading the total alcoholic content over a larger volume of beer, in other words, watering it. The average strength of beer was then 8.5 per cent, and Mr. King, who certainly didn't look like a beer drinker to us, was considering cutting it to 7 per cent.

A well-documented article headed "Canadian Engineers Routed The Alcan Highway", was written by Raymond Arthur Davies, alias Roy Davis, alias Roy Dubinsky, former Secretary of The Young Communist League, former member of the hierarchy of the Canadian Labor-Progressive Party, and today awaiting trial on a Canadian passport fraud charge. It seems incredible today that Communist functionaries were allowed access to all our secret and semi-secret war projects, but Davies had just returned from a trip along the Alcan Highway.

And another side of the Communist question was brought to light in an article by Willson Woodside on the fate of 10,000 Polish officers who had been taken prisoner by the Red Army after the infamous partition of their country by Hitler and Stalin in 1939. We are pretty well convinced today that these 10,000 unfortunates were murdered by the Reds, but in 1943 the issue was still in doubt to most of us, and we were inclined to give Russia the benefit of the doubt. Willson Woodside, however, was certain, even then, that these officers had been put to death by the Soviets, and it is a mark of his sagacity that he said so, and refused to be stampeded into believing otherwise.

UNDER The Theatre we read that Chekhov's *The Three Sisters* was playing at the Royal Alexandra Theatre. Mary Lowrey Ross reviewed *The Keeper Of The Flame*, starring Katherine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy, and *Desert Victory*, starring the British Eighth Army, with the villainy supplied by a professional European heavy named Rommel. The Royal Alexandra advertised a coming attraction, *Ecstasy*, starring Hedy Lamarr. It began the ad with the line, "Now It Can Be Shown!" without saying why it could not be shown before that time. We saw *Ecstasy* in San Francisco in 1933, when we were a prurient 19 years of age, and although Miss Lamarr had run nude through an orchard, it had not affected us greatly. In fact nothing in the movies has affected us in the way Miss Lamarr was supposed to since seeing Nazimova in an early silent film away back in our grab-bag and licorice plug days. We forget the name of the picture, but we'll never forget la Nazimova; there, children, was a dame who brought us into manhood fast!

The Concerning Food column ran such esoteric and unappetizing recipes as Ingleledge (pickled fish), Babotee and Sassaties. We've always belonged to the liver-and-onions, beef stew school of gastronomy, and it would take a pretty tough boarding-house landlady to make us eat anything called babotee or sassaties.

An article in the financial section was headed, "What Is Money?" We didn't read it, for we know nothing about the subject ourselves, and if the guys in the financial section don't either there's no sense in following the question further.

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The Passing Show

The Greatest Game

THE GREATEST game is on for another season. It came in as red underwear and galoshes went out.

Ladies' days, radio and television have made baseball rampantly co-ed. It's no more the American national pastime than the Canadian, Mexican or Japanese. The Canadians have hockey, Mexicanos the bull-ring and the Japanese hara-kiri; but these exercises are for the shorter season. From early Spring to winter's first chill of the World Series, baseball reigns. Even Eskimos play it.

Not long ago in Manhattan I talked with Tyrus Raymond Cobb, the Georgia Peach and wraith of the base lines. Cobb is now a California millionaire, addicted to golf, with a roll-top tummy and wry estimate of current Big Leaguers. Ty nutshelled the grip of the game: "You can never retire from baseball."

And before he stamped off to glare at the Ultimate Umpire, I visited Old Bill Klem, National League oracle, in Florida. He epitomized the integrity of the game with dogmatic authority. After forty-five years of umpiring, Klem blasted: "I never call 'em as I see 'em: I call 'em as they are."

Since baseball's evolution from schoolboy rounders (a tennis-ball antic in English schoolyards) and since ball became big business, the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, cradle of the game, has become crowded. Pop Anson, Cy Young, bow-legged Honus Wagner, still lively amid the hills and dells of Pittsburgh, Christy Matthewson and Grover Cleveland Alexander, adept equally with screw-ball and cork-screw—all the grand and great are in the Hall of Fame. Likewise immortal are the dismal few in the Hall of Ill-fame—the Black Sox, mainly. Organized baseball is more than a century old, with just that one major scandal in the majors.

Of course the game's commercialized; what game isn't? In Moscow they even charge people to see chess, but throw in daily shaves on the house. Pre-season contractual wranglings, habitual hold-outs and latter-day diaper derbies to article high-school phenoms are mercenary phases. Combined with flourishes of local patriotism, whereby only native or naturalized talent can play for a club, the game is as much bandwagon as box-office. The same is true of hockey and football, where ivory trading is relatively as brisk as in baseball. You may win a pennant by luck and prayer, but a bank-roll is the quickest elevator from cellar to success. Yet the glory of the game is that the humble can suddenly exalt themselves; there is that classic example of the miracle Boston Braves climbing from underground to World Champs within twelve weeks!

And the noblest individual master pieces pop up always unexpectedly: Johnny Vander Meer, practically unknown, pitching two successive no-hit games for example. The greatest performance I ever saw was not in a major league park, but at Hanlan's Point in 1912, when the Toronto Club operated under Boniface Jim McCaffery, Loyal Orangeman with a Roman Catholic manager, Joe Kelly, who had come from the Baltimore Orioles. On a sweltering July afternoon, a southpaw pitcher named Hearn rocked Rochester in twenty solid innings to win by scattering their hits.

Baseball is more than a game: it's chronic contagion. Its experts abound in social contrast. Gamins peering through knotholes are no less informed on personal and team batting, fielding and error averages than, for instance, a silver-haired lady in a box at Fenway Park, Boston, keeping score with a meticulousness matched only by a certified public accountant preparing a balance sheet. Her name would be Grace Coolidge, widow of a President of the United States.

The game's offspring, softball, with its distaff exponents drawing wild-eyed multitudes, attests its epidemic supremacy. Its standards for proficiency are high and rewarding; its physical demands are stupendous, when heavyweights execute entre-chats and somersaults with agile grace unsurpassed by ballet-masters. Also, the hazards are low; insurance companies certify that. Mortal hurt is practically unknown, spike wounds not common, beanballs anathema — the only one I ever saw in a career of fanaticism was when a line-drive from the plate struck Toronto's pitcher Johnny Loftus square on the forehead.

JOHN J. MCGRAW, who would fight at a drop of his nickname, Muggsy, once apostolized baseball as an international peace medium. He roved the world with selected players of the Giants and White Sox, but all he got out of those realistic athletes was an access of lingualism. They learned to order steaks in eleven different tongues. Yet wouldn't a world series between the Stalingrad Slamoviks and the St. Louis Browns do more for friendly relations than atomic contests?

The Duke of Wellington said something, he being a devotee of that elegant soporific called cricket, to witness which you don't require so much a lower seat as a lower berth. He said the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton; in which case, as millions cheer or jeer, it is manifest this season, as in all others, that the battles of democracy are won on the sand-lots and ragged diamonds of baseball.

JOHN B. KENNEDY

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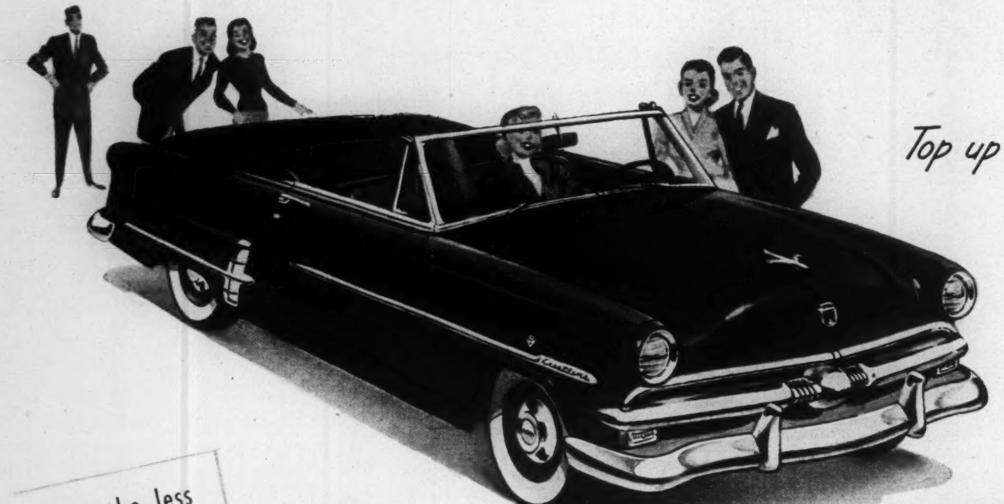

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Take this style-setting convertible—or any '53 Ford—for a Test-Drive! See for yourself why Ford is tops in its field. Look at the Full-Circle Visibility and all the other extra features in Ford. Check what you're missing . . . you'll make the change to Ford in '53.

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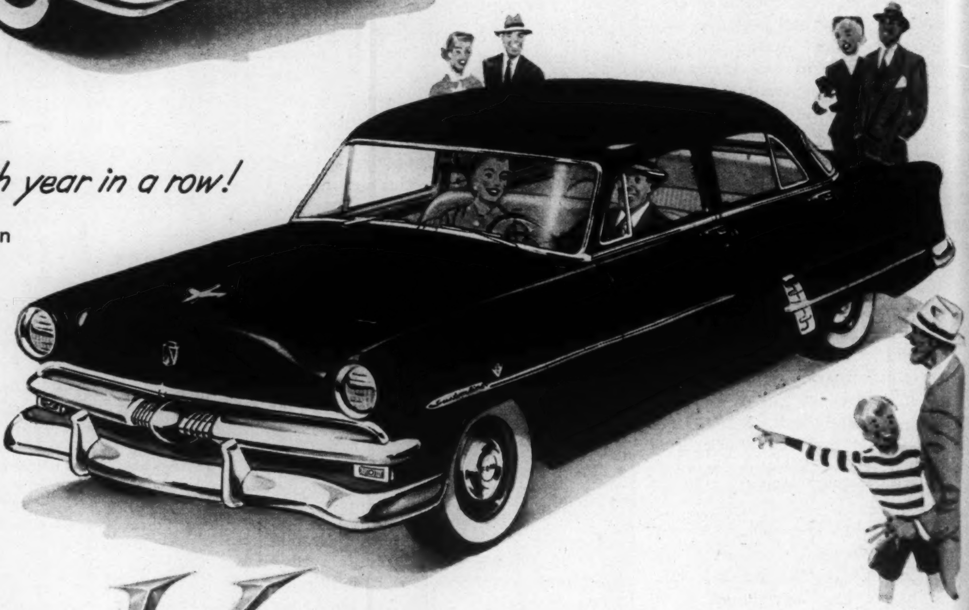

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customline fordor sedan

Ford's a favourite, too, so many other ways . . . in the relaxing comfort of its deep, foam rubber seats—the ease with which it handles, parks and brakes—in the way its "Wonder Ride" levels out the roughest road! And with *all* this, a choice of *three* drives, Fordomatic*, Overdrive*, or Synchro-Silent Shift.

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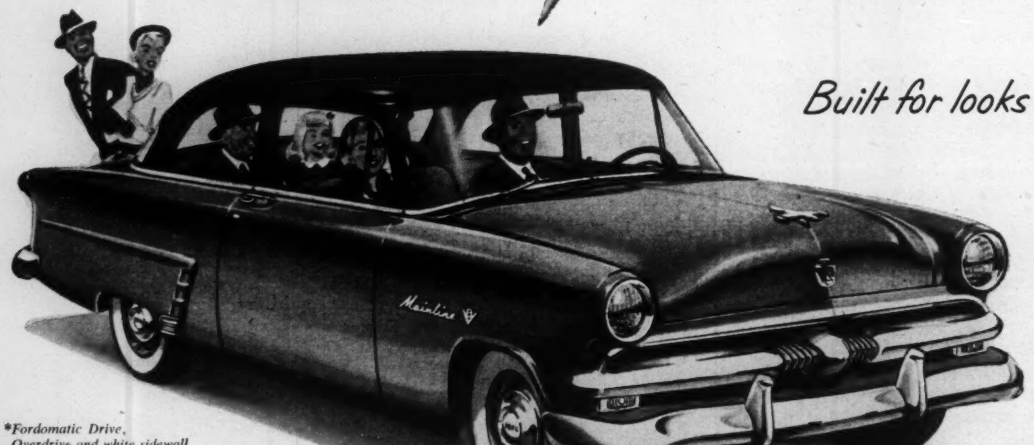

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mainline tudor sedan

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